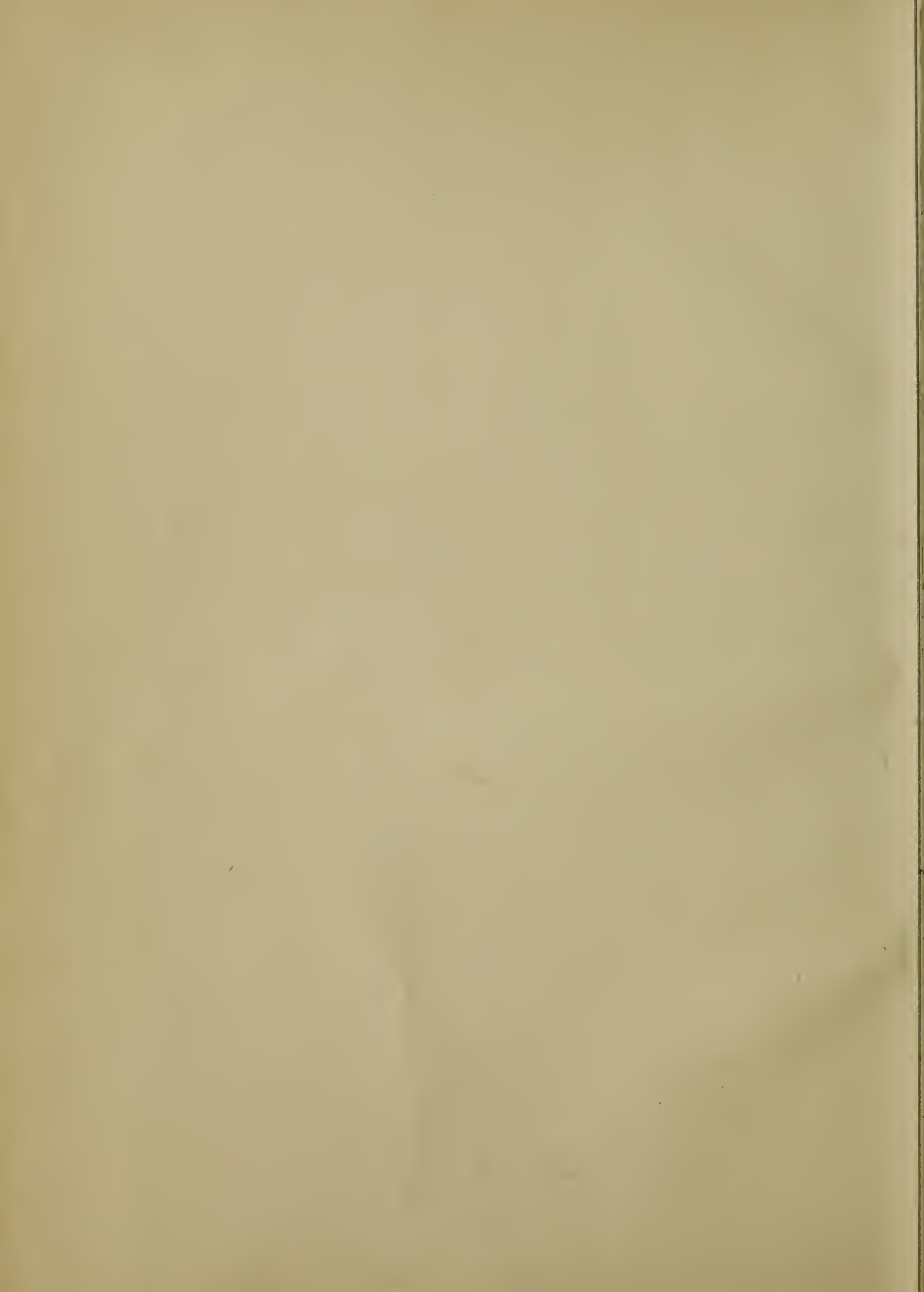


No. G.4013.48

TREASURE ROOM





See the Epistle to the Reader, where Ravenscroft
says - "There is a Play in Mr. Shakespeares' volume. - I have been
told by some anciently conversant with the Stage, that it was
not originally his, &c." The original Prologue, in which he ascribed
Titus Andronic. to be the unquestionable work of Shakespeare, was
suppressed. This alteration was acted about 1678.

See Collier's Shakespeare, VI. 271.

Or rather "in the latter part of the year
1687" Genest, Some account of the English Stage. 1. p. 232.

Boston Public Library

Titus Andronicus,

OR THE

Rape of Lavinia.

Acted at the

Theatre Royall,

A T R A G E D Y,

Alter'd from *Mr SHAKESPEARE'S* Works,

By *Mr. Edm. Ravenscroft.*

Licensed,

Dec. 21. 1686. R. L. S.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. B. for J. Hindmarsh, at the Golden-Ball
in Cornhill, over against the Royal-Exchange. 1687.

To the Reader.

it shew'd the Treachery of Villains, and the Mischiefs carry'd on by Perjury, and False Evidence; and how Rogues may frame a Plot that shall deceive and destroy both the Honest and the Wise; which were the reasons why I did forward it at so unlucky a conjuncture, being content rather to lose the Profit, then not expose to the World the Picture of such Knaves and Rascals as then Reign'd in the opinion of the Foolish and Malicious part of the Nation: but it bore up against the Faction, and is confirm'd a Stock-Play. In the Hurry of those distracted times the Prologue and Epilogue were lost: But to let the Buyer have his penny-worths, I furnish you with others which were Written by me to other Persons Labours, two of 'em were proportion'd to that Mad Season; For when Ill Manners and Ill Principles Reign in a State, it is the business of the Stage, as well as Pulpits, to declaim and Instruct: That was my design when I Writ, and now Print 'em that the Purchaser may not Repine at the Author or Bookseller for a hard Bargain.

Adieu.



PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE, Spoken in Lent.

Gallants, in this good Godly Time of Lent,
I am come forth to bid you all repent.
You Sparks I see have got a Pious Notion,
You put on Black to shew your great Devotion :
But lest you shou'd mistake what I intend,
Let me tell you your Faults, and how to mend.
First, leave to shew your Valour in the Pit,
Leave Railing at Great Men to shew your Wit.
With Vizard-Masques, leave your Lewd Raillery,
Leave your disturbance in the Middle-Gallery.
Leave all your Jest of Bant'ring and Dum-founding,
Leave always Dueling and never Womming.
Leave coming here when you do not intend
To see the Play, but pick up a she-fiend.
Leave sharpening for your selves, and pay your Ginny
For Procreation there to honest Jenny.

Next for the men of Bus'ness in the Nation,
Let them begin a Thorough-Reformation.
Let 'em leave Faction, Jealousies and Fears,
Leave setting us together by the Ears.
Let Corporations leave Petitioning,
And learn all due Alliegence to the King.
Let Politicians too not be so hot,
To Swear, that a Spring-Tide's a Popish Plot,
Do not too Eagerly that Scent pursue,
Lest Hunting an Old Plot you Start a New.

Leave your provoking Cæsar and his Frowns ;
Leave Crossing Birth-Rights and disposing Crowns.
Leave Englands Antient Glory so to wrong,
As naming Princes with irreverent Tongue ;
Tho' Forreigners and Enemies they be,
Forget not what is due to Majesty.
Whil'st Brutishly Those Titles we prophane
The World does think we are turn'd Piets again.
Consider well, and then you'll be I hope
So Civilis'd as scarce to Burn the Pope :
But if you will go on, make this Addition,
Burn too the Rump and Westminster-Petition.

EPILOGUE.

SWell'd Big with Expectation you did come
To see us Act our great Affairs at home,
Papists accus'd and Satyrs against Rome: }
That might have pleas'd, but still the modest Stage
Forbears to represent the Present Age.
Let Forreign Stories matter here supply,
Old Tales and known, are fit for Tragedy.
Besides, I think the Bus'ness of our Nation,
Too sad a Theam to pass for Recreation.
Let us be Mute 'till the whole Truth comes out,
Not like the Rabble at Executions, shout.
Heathens that knew but just Morality,
Pitty'd the Guilty when they came to dy.
Barbarians at such sights do show Regret,
How far are we then from Religion yet?
Religion teaches mildeness in her Laws,
Triumph, Suspicion upon Justice draws.
Go then contented hence with what you've seen;
Fancy you have two hours in Turkey been,
This was no Popish-Plot, yet English too,
For to say truth, it was our Plot on you.

A PROLOGUE, Spoken before the Long Vacation.

Now comes Vacation, that dead time of th' Year,
When nothing but New Plays will bring you here;
Now for the Countrey all you little Citts,
Prepare to gallop down on Smithfield Titts,
Having run out, you go to make up Cash,
To Parents dear—
Equip'd with the Heel-Spur and Spatter-dash.
But you the Graver sort of City-Blades,
Profit does keep in town to mind your Trades,
Whil'st in Crape-Mantoes deckt, and trolly-Pinners
Your Wives at Epsom sily play the Sinners.

You

You go on Saturdays to see your *Honey's*,
 Are Waggish with 'em, leave 'em Spending *Money's*,
 But come on Mondays up to Town like *Tonys*.
 England is blest the Wells are so in fashion,
 There, *Hetrs* are got for one third pare of th' Nation.
 You Town-Gallants who wallow in Debauches,
 New Liveries prepare and fine Gilt Coaches,
 And all in Order too to leave the Town,
 Each to his Mansion-House does rattle down;
 Which many hundred years in th' Name has been,
 Where Miss appears as Glorious as a Queen.
 The Country at you does but Laugh and Jeer,
 Tho' Tenants flatter you for their good Gheer:
 But Hark ye, who'l keep House there the next Year?
 Scriv'ners and Bankers will have restitution,
 E're that time, comes Judgment and Execution.
 Punk trusts in Settlement the Misses Joynter,
 But by some quirk in Law they disappoint her.
 The Country Lawyers too Jog down apace
 Each with his NOVERINT UNIVERSI Face;
 Rides Jabb'ring along some damn'd Law-Case.
 Young Ladies too attend their Parents down,
 Quit their Intrigues and sigh to leave the Town.
 How innocently there you sit and Chat,
 And Walk the Fields in Bongrace or Straw-Hat,
 Eat Syllybubs, see Reapers mow, such Sport
 Did please you well before you saw the Court.
 But fare ye well.—
 When you are gone, we'll shut the Play-house door,
 The Bully-Gamster, Bawd and Unkept Whore,
 Who here remain, will be so very poor,
 They'l Venter their Half-Crowns but the first day,
 And then—To pick up Cullys, not to see the Play.
 All will be Sharpers here, what shall we do,
 To Live? Faith let us be oblig'd by you.
 Come all and pay your Foyes before you go,
 Else we must troop to Scotland after Job—
 We by the last advice for Certain hear
 That Haynes does head the Rebells Players there.

Prologue.

PROLOGUE after the *Vacation*.
Spoken by Mr. Haines.

Friends how have ye done this many a day?
You long'd I warrant you for a New Play:
And we have wish'd as much to see you here;
Well, long *Vacation's* a damn'd time o'th' year.
When to your Country-Houses you were gone
Some few Pill'd-Garlicks Straggl'd up and down,
Who for meer want of Money staid in Town.
As for Example, I my self was one.
Shop-Keepers, wanting trade, were off o'th' hooks,
And all day long sat casting up their books;
Drew out their Debts, resolving all to Dun,
As soon as e're you Gallants came to Town.
Or else to Fox and Geese with Neighbour go,
A game resembling much themselves and you.
And Gamsters, who the rest o'th' year went fine,
Now look'd out sharp, and Cry'd; come where shall's dine?
Go to the Tavern, no attendance there,
Except a Drawer snoring in the Bar.
No Roaring-Gallant, nor no Punk that Sings,
The litte Bell but very seldom Rings.
No Harry nor no Noise as heretofore,
No Crying, Speak i'th' Star, i'th' half-Moon Score.
The streets are quiet too: All the Debauchees,
Were Bullys pawning Whores, and bilking Coaches.
The best on't was, things were not very dear;
For Whores, 'twas the Cheap'st time of all the year.
But some whom sad Experience taught to know,
Their Misery here, left us to follow you.
Pawn'd Rings and Pettycoats, hard shift they made,
In hopes, at Windsor they might force a Trade.
There Leiger Lay, I see some half a score
That ply'd like Watermen at D'epee's door,
Bawl'd out to Passengers, Next Whore,—next Whore.
But Travelling of Late was much in Fashion,
Some Pilgrim Saints there were of our Vocation.
Only they did it a far different way,
Your Ladies went to sin, but ours, to pray.

}
Some of the
} Actresses went
} that year to
} Holywell.

ACT.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

*Enter Saturninus and his Followers : Bassianus and his, at another door,
With Drums and Trumpets. Senators above in the Capitol.*

Satur-
ninus. **N**oble Patricians, Patrons of my right,
Defend the Justice of my cause with Arms;
And Countrymen, my Loving Followers,
Plead my Successive Title with your Swords:
I am his first-born Son, who last
Wore the Imperial Diadem of *Rome*.
Then Let my Fathers Honours Live in me.
Nor Wrong my Birth with this Indignity.

Bassianus. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of my Right,
If ever *Bassianus*, *Cæsars* Son,
Was Gracious in the Eyes of Royall *Rome*.
Keep then this passage to the Capitoll,
And Suffer not dishonours to approach
The Imperiall Seat, consecrate
To Justice, Continence and Nobility.
But let desert in pure Election, shine
And Romans fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus with the Crown.

Marcus. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for Rule and Empire,
Know that the People of *Rome* for whom we stand
A Party Interests'd, have by common voyce
In Election for the Roman Empire,
Chosen *Andronicus* surnam'd *Pius*,
For many good and great deserts to *Rome*.
A Nobler Man, a braver Warrior
Breaths not this Day within the City Walls.
He by the Senate is at length call'd home,
From tedious Warrs against the bloody *Goths*,
That with his Sons (a terror to our foes,)
Hath Yoak'd a Nation strong, Train'd up in Arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of *Rome*, and to chastise with Swords,

Our Enemies Pride ; five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to *Rome*, bearing his Vailiant Sons
In Coffins from the field———

Let us intreat by honour of his Name
And in the Capitoll and Senates right,
(Whom you pretend to honour and adore)
That you withdraw you and abate your strength.
Dismiss your followers, and as Sutors should,
Plead your Deserts in Peace and numbleness.

Saturn. How fair the Tribune speaks to calm my thoughts :

Bassia. *Marcus Andronicus* I do rely,
On thy uprightness and Integrity.
And so I Love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble Brother *Titus* and his Sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
The fair *Lavinia*, *Romes* bright Ornament,
That I will here Dismiss my Loving Friends ;
And to my Fortunes, and the Peoples favour,
Commit my case in Ballance to be wayd.

[*Roman Soldiers retire.*

Saturn. Friends that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all,
And to the Love and favour of my Country
Commit my Self, my Person, and the Cause.

Rome be as Just and gracious now to me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.

Open the Gates and Let me In,
An humble Suppliant to your Senate.

Bassia. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Exeunt as into the Senate-house.*

ACT I. SCENE II.

Enter a Captain.

Capt. Romans make way, the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of Virtue, *Romes* best Champion :
Successfull in the Battles that he fights,
With Honour and with Fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his Sword,
And brought to Yoak the Enemies of *Rome*.

Sound

Sound of Drums and Trumpets, then Enter two of Titus's Sons, and then a dead Son brought in Funeral Pomp, then two other Sons, all bearing his Armour, then Titus Andronicus, and then Tamora Queen of Goths and her two Sons, Chiron and Demetrius, with Aron the Moor and others: they stop; the Armour is laid by the dead Son in order.

Titus. Hail Rome! Victorious in thy mourning weeds,
As doth the Bark that hath discharg'd his freight,
Return with precious Lading to the Bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her Anchorage;
Cometh *Andronicus*, Bound with Lawrell boughs,
To re-salute his Country with his Tears,
Tears of true Joy for his return to *Rome*.
Thou great Defender of this Capitoll,
Stand gracious to the rights that we intend.
Romans, of Five and twenty valiant Sons,
Half of the number that King *Priam* had,
Behold the poor remains alive and Dead:
These that survive, let *Rome* reward with Love,
These that I bring unto their Latest Home,
With Buriall amongst their Ancestors.
Here *Goths* have given me leave to sheath my Sword,
Titus unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why Suffer'st thou thy Sons unbury'd yet,
To hover on the Dreadfull shoar of Styx,
Make way to Lay them with their Brethren.

The Temple opens, A Glorious Tomb is discover'd where they place the Dead Corps, Warlike Musick all the while Sounding.

There Greet in Silence as the Dead are wont,
And Sleep in Peace, Slain in your Countrys Wars.

Lucius. Now Give the Proudest Pris'ner of the *Goths*,
That we may hew his Limbs, and on a Pile
Sacrifice his flesh to our dear Brothers Ghost,
That so his Shadow be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with Prodigies on Earth.

Titus. I give him you the Noblest that Survives,
The Eldest Son of this distressed Queen.

Tamora. Stay Roman Brethren, Glorious Conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, Behold the Tears I shed:
A Mothers Tears in Passion for her Son,
Is't not sufficient we are brought to *Rome*,

To Beautify thy Triumphs, and return
 Captive to thee, and to thy *Roman Yoke*;
 But must my Sons be Slaughter'd in the Streets,
 For Valiant doings in their Countrys Cause?
 If to fight for King and Common-Wealth,
 Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus stain not thy Tomb with Blood;
 Will't thou draw near the Nature of the gods?
 Draw near them then in being Mercifull:
 Noble *Titus* spare my first-born Son.

Titus. My Son, whom Chance of War your Captive made,
 Was Born in Glory too, and for great deeds,
 Adopted was the Eldest Son of Fame;
 Yet fell a Victim to *Plebeian* Rage.

Lucius. Deaf like the Gods when Thunder fills the Air,
 Were you to all our Suppliant *Romans* then;
 Unmov'd beheld him made a Sacrifice
 T'appease your Angry Gods; what Gods are they
 Are pleas'd with Humane Blood and Cruelty?

Titus. Then did his sorrowfull Brethren here,
 These other Sons of mine, from me Exact
 A Vow, This was the Tenor which it bore,
 " If any of the Cruel *Tamora's* Race
 " Should fall in *Roman* hands, him I wou'd give
 " To their Revenging Piety.— To this
 Your Eldest Son is doom'd, and dye he must,
 Not to revenge their Bloods we now bring home,
 Or theirs who formerly were slain in Arms:
 For show me now those Valiant Fighting *Goths*,
 Ple kiss their Noble hands that gave the Wounds,
 'Cause bravely they perform'd. This was no Cause
 But a Sons groaning Shadow to appease,
 By Priestly Butchers Murder'd on your Altars.

Mart. Remembrance whetts our rage, away with him,
 On yond Erected Pile kindle a Fire,
 And on it strow his separated Limbs,
 To be Consum'd in the devouring Flames.

Quint. Learn *Goths* from hence, and after keep't in mind,
 That Cruelty is not the Worship of the Gods.

Tam. Intention made it Piety in us:
 But in you this Act is Cruelty.

Cbir. Was ever *Cythia* half so Barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not *Cythia* to Ambitious *Rome*,
Alarbus goes to rest and we survive

Sons of *Titus*
 with *Alarbus*
 their Prisoner
 Exeunt.

Titus goes up to
 the Tomb.

To

To tremble under *Titus* threatening Look.

Aron. To tremble said you? did you say to tremble?
No, Madam stand resolv'd, but hope withall,
That the same Gods that Arm'd the Queen of *Troy*
With opportunity of Sharp revenge
Upon the *Thracian* Tyrant in his Tent,
May favour *Tamora* the Queen of *Goths*
With like Successfull minutes, to requite
These Bloody wrongs and *Roman* Injuries.

Enter Lavinia, Attendants.

Lavin. In Peace and Honour Live Lord *Titus* Long,
My Noble Lord and Father Live in Fame.
Here at this Tomb my Tributary Tears
I render for my Brothers Obsequies,
And at your feet I kneel with Tears of joy,
Shed on the Earth, for your return to *Rome*.
O bless me here with that Victorious hand
Whose Fortune *Romes* best Citizens applaud.

Titus. Kind *Rome*, that has thus Lovingly restor'd
The Cordial of my Age to glad my heart!

Lavinia Live, out-live thy Fathers days,
And Fames Eternal date for Virtues praise.

Re-Enter the Sons of Titus.

See injur'd *Romans* and amazed *Goths*
How Swift revenge has been to Execute;
The Fire is kindled, *Alarbus* Intrails feed the flame,
Now rest thou manes of our Murder'd Brother.
Naught now remains but that we Close
The Monument, and with Wars Loud Alarums
Take our Leave.

Titus. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his Latest farewell to their Souls.

Sound Drums & Trumpets, and
Lay the Coffin in the Tomb.

In Peace and Honour rest you here my Sons,
Romes Valiant Champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from Worldly Chances and Mishaps:
Here Lurks no Treason, here no Envy Swells,
Here grow no damned Drugs, here are no Storms,
No noise, but silence and Eternal Sleep, *The Monument.*
In Peace and Honour rest you here my Sons. *Closes.*

*Enter Marcus.**Marcus.* Long Live Lord *Titus* my beloved Brother.*Titus.* Thanks worthy Tribune, Noble Brother *Marcus*.

Marcus. Welcome dear Nephews from Successfull Wars,
 You that Survive and you that Sleep in Fame ;
 Your Fortunes are in all Glorious alike,
 That in your Countrys Service drew your Swords,
 But safer Triumph is this Funeral Pomp,
 That hath aspir'd to *Solons* happiness,
 And Triumphs over Chance in Honours Bed.
 Now Noble *Titus* Gratify the Eyes of *Rome*,
 With sight of thee and of thy Valiant Sons.
 See how in Crowds they press to Honour thee.

Titus. Tho' a Conqueror, I am still my Countrys Servant,
 And *Romes* Vassal.

[*Exeunt.*[*The Scene Closes.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Emillius, with other Tribunes and Senators: Gives Marcus a Robe, which he Offers to Titus. Enter Saturninus and Bassianus, with Followers, at several Doors—Drums & Trumpets Sound.

Marcus. *Titus Andronicus*, the People of *Rome*
 Whose friend in Justice, thou hast ever been,
 Send thee this white and spotless Robe,
 And name thee in Election for the Empire,
 With these our late deceased Emperours Sons
 Then stand a Candidate, and put it on,
 And help to set a head on headless *Rome*.

Titus. A better head her glorious body fits,
 Then this that shakes with age and feebleness ;
 Wherefore shou'd I assume this Robe and trouble you,
 Be chosen with Acclamations to day,
 To morrow yield up Rule, resign my life,
 And set abroad new business for you all.

Rome I have been thy Souldier forty years,
 And led my Countrys strength successfully,
 And Bury'd one and twenty Valiant Sons —

Knighted

Knighted in Field, slain manfully in Arms,
In right and service of their Noble Country :
Give me a Staff of Honour for my Age,
But not a Scepter to controul the World.
Upright he held it Lords that held it last.

Marcus. Thou shalt ask the Empire and shalt obtain it.

Saturn. Proud and Ambitious Tribune canst thou tell —

Titus. Patience Prince *Saturninus*.

Saturn. *Romans* do me right.

Patricians draw your Swords, and sheath them not
'Till *Saturninus* be *Romes* Emperour.

Andronicus, wou'd thy Aged head lay deep in Earth
Rather then rob me of the peoples hearts.

Lucius. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of that good
The Noble-minded *Titus* means to thee.

Titus. Prince I'll restore to thee the Peoples hearts,
And wean them from themselves.

Bassianus. *Andronicus* I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do 'till I dye :
My Faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankfull be ; and thanks to men
Of noble minds, is honourable satisfaction.

Titus. People of *Rome*, and peoples Tribunes here,
I ask your Voices and your suffrages,
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus* ?

Emilius. To gratify the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his safe return to *Rome*,
The People will accept whom he admits.

Marcus. Do All consent ?

All Tribunes. All, all.

Titus. Tribunes I thank you, and this Sute I make,
That you Create your Emperours Eldest Son,
Lord *Saturnine*, whose Virtues will I hope,
Reflect on *Rome*, as *Tytans* Rays on Earth,
And ripen Justice in this Common-wealth :
Then if you will Elect by my advice,
Crown him and say, *Long live our Emperour*.

Marcus. With Voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and *Plebeans*, we Create
Lord *Saturninus* *Romes* great Emperour :
And say *Long live our Emperour Saturninus*.

Emperour. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy Favours done,
To us in our Election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy desert,

And

And will with Deeds requite thy Nobleness;

And *Titus*, to advance

Thy Name, and Honourable Family,

Lavinia will I make my Empress,

Rome's Royal Mistress, Mistress of my heart,

And in the Sacred *Palace* her Espouse ;

Tell me *Andronicus* doth this motion please thee ?

Titus. It does and in requital of the honour done me
Here in the sight of *Rome*, to *Saturnine*

Our Defender and the Worlds great Emperour.

I consecrate my Sword, my Charriot, and my Pris'ners,

Presents well worthy *Rome's* Imperial Lord ;

Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe,

My Honours Ensignes humbled at thy feet.

{ Presents his
Captives to
the Emperor

Emp. Thanks Valiant *Titus*, Father of my Life ;

How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts,

Rome shall record, and when I do forget

The least of these unspeakable Deserts,

Romans forget your Fealty to me.

Bass. Say Noble *Marcus* and you the valiant Brothers of that
Lovely Maid, is't not a Tyranny too great to bear ?

Shall he the Empire have ?

Why Let him, but let him leave *Lavinia* then :

To be at once depriv'd of Power and Love

Is more then Mortal sure can bear.

Titus. Now Madam you are Pris'ner to an Emperour,

To him that for your Honour and your State

Will use you nobly, and your Followers.

[to *Tamora*

Emp. Of Mein Majestick, and of Features Excellent !

Were I to choose again, this were my choice.

Madam tho' chance of War has brought you here,

You come not to be made a scorn in *Rome*,

Princely shall be your usage Every way,

Rest on my word, and let not discontent

O're cloud the glory of your Brow.

Tamora. Tho' here in Chains, yet I am still a Queen,

And have the noble Courage of a *Goth*.

If in my face you Signes of sorrow read

The Frontispeice is unworthy my mind,

And ill befits the greatness of my Soul.

Emp. Brave Queen—whose noble Mind in triumph leads

The glories of our *Roman* Victories,

Ransomless here we set these Captives free,

And pay thy greatness with their Liberty.

Emperour.

Emperour. Come *Lavinia*, thou *Trophee* of the day,
 And utmost height of all our joys, for thee
 Altars shall be perfum'd with richest Gums,
 And Hymens Tapors there shall Blaze ;
 Slowly you give your Hand, and Trembling Move,
 Art thou not fond of Empire or affraid of Love ?

Titus. So Virgins are allow'd their Modest Fears,
 They Even Changes for the Better Dread.

Bassi. See Friends what Longing Eyes she casts this way,
 And with her sad looks upbraids my Servile tameness,
 Empire I scarce thought truly worth my care
 When purchas'd with the hazard of your Lives,
 But if friends you are, now Ayd me in my Love.
 Love is the Nobler Cause—— [*Bassianus Seizes Lavinia*
 By your leave Emperor and yours Lord *Titus*, [*from the Emperours*
Emp. How *Bassianus* ?

Marcus. The Prince in Justice ceaseth but his own.

Lucius. And he will and shall if *Lucius* Live.

Titus. Traytors forbear, where is the Emperours guard ?
 My Lord, see you not *Lavinia* is surpriz'd ?

Bassi. Yes, she's surpriz'd by him that justly may.

Mutius. Help to convey her hence, and with my Sword
 I'll guard this passage safe. 5 *Exeunt* Marcus, Lucius, Mutius,
 2 *Bassianus and followers with Lavinia.*

Titus. Treason, all that do love the Emperour
 Now follow me and soon I'll bring her back. [*Titus Exit*

Emp. Forbear——

'Till she deserves that care you undertake.

[*Exeunt* Emp. &c.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Bassianus, Lavinia ; Mutius upon his Guard ; Titus Pres-
 sing in with his Sword, and followers. Lucius behind.

Mu- NO man passes here.
tius. *Titus.* What Villain, boy, Bar'st me
 my way in Rome ?

Mutius. Help *Lucius* ! help !

[*falls.*

Lucius. O Sir you are unjust,
 In a Wrong Quarrell you have slain your Son:

C

Titus.

Titus. Nor thou, nor he, are any Sons of Mine,
My Sons wou'd never so dishonour me,
Traytor, Restore *Lavinia* to the Emperour.

Lucius. Dead if you will, but not to be his Wife,
That is anothers Lawfull promis'd Love.

Enter Emperour, Tamora, Her two Sons; and Aron the Moor.

Emp. No *Titus*, no, the Emperour needs thee not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy race,
She never, nor thy Trayterous Sons I'll trust,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was none in *Rome* to make a property,
But me? shortly thou'lt proudly Bragg,
I poorly begg'd the Empire at thy hands.

Titus. O Monstrous! What reprochfull words are these?

Emp. But go, go give that foolish toy thy daughter
To him that flourish't for her with his Sword.

A valiant Son-in-Law thou shalt Enjoy,
One Fit to Bandy with thy Law-less Sons,
To ruffle in the Common-wealth of *Rome*.

Titus. These words are Razors to my Loyall heart.

Emp. Therefore Lovely *Tamora* Queen of *Goths*,
That like the Stately *Thebe* 'mong her Nymphs,
Out-shin'st the brightest Roman Dames,
If thou art pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold I take thee *Tamora* for my Bride,
And will Create thee Empress of *Rome*.

Speak thou Majestick *Goth*, dost thou approve
my choice? Then by all our Roman Gods
I swear to lead thee to their Altars strait,
Where Tapers now Burn Bright, and Ev'ry thing
In Readyness for *Hymeneus* Stand.

Thence in Imperiall Pomp shalt thou be Led,
The Glorious partner of my Throne and Bed.

Tamora. And here in sight of Heaven to *Rome* I swear,
If *Sturnine* advance the Queen of *Goths*,
She but the trifles will of Empire share,
His Vacant hours shall her ambition bound,
And all her hopes with Love be fully crown'd.
But to my Emperour this one thing I commend
In highest care and greatest Love 'tis done,
Receive this worthy Moor to your esteem.

Emp. Dark is the Case, but thro't a noble light

There

There Shines. —

Tam. First, be the place he holds in Trust and Confidence,
His head in Counsell, and his hand in Warr
Will never fail to do you service.

Aron. If Blushes could be seen thro' this black Vayle,
These undeserved praises, from your Mouth,
Would dye my Vizage of another hue ;
Quick mounts the blood up to my swarthy Cheeks :
Tho' not perciev'd, the Oven glows within.

Emp. Your word's a noble Warrant, If *Rome* or I
Can Merit his, or these two Young Princes Loves ;
Their greatness knows no bounds but their desires :
And now Ascend fair Queen, *Pambean* Lords accompany
Your Emperour and his Royal Bride,
Whose Wisdome hath her fortune conquer'd.
Assistants be to see the Rites perform'd,
By heaven she was sent to bless my Reign,
Captive she came, but beauty broke her Chain.

[*Exeunt, As to the Altar.*]

Titus. I am not bid to attend these Ceremonies,
Titus when wer't thou went to walk alone.
Dishonour'd thus and challenged of wrongs.

Enter Marcus, Lucius, Martius, Quintus, Mutius *Born in Dead.*

Marcus. O *Titus* see, see here what thou hast done,
In a bad quarrell slain a Virtuous Son.

Titus. No foolish Tribune, no ; No Son of mine,
Nor thou nor these confederate in the Deed,
That hath dishonour'd all our Family,
Unworthy Brother and unworthy Sons.

Lucius. But let me give him Buriall as becomes,
Give *Mutius* buriall with our Brothers.

Titus. Traytors away, he rests not in this Tomb ;
This Monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edify'd :
Here none but Souldiers and *Romes* Servitors
Repose in Fame, None basely slain in brawls,
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Marcus. This is impiety in you.
And *Mutius* deeds do strongly plead for him,
He must be bury'd with his Brothers.

Quintus. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Titus. And shall : what Villain was it spoke that word ?

Martius. He that wou'd vouch it 'gainst any man but you.

Titus. What wou'd you bury him in spite of me?

Marcus. No, Noble *Titus*, but entreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

Titus. *Marcus*, even thou hast strook upon my Crest,
And with these Boys my Honour thou hast wounded;
My Foes I do repute you every one,
So trouble me no more but hence —

Quintus. Not I, 'till *Mutius* Bones be Bury'd.

[*Marcus and the Sons all kneel.*

Marcus. Brother, for in that name doth Nature plead,

Lucius. Father, and in that name doth Nature speak.

Titus. Speak thou no more if all the rest will speed.

Marcus. Renowned *Titus*, more then half my soul,

Lucius. Dear Father, soul and substance of us all.

Marcus. Suffer thy Brother *Marcus* to Interr
His Noble Nephew here in Virtues Cell,
That dy'd in Honour and *Lavinia's* cause.

Thou art a *Roman*, be not Barbarous:

The *Greeks* upon advice did Bury *Ajax*

That slew himself: And wise *Laertes* Son,

Did piously plead for his Funeralls:

Let not young *Mutius* then that was thy Joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here.

Titus. Rise *Marcus*, rise,
The dismal'st day is this that e're I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my Sons in *Rome*;
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*they put him in the Vault.*

Lucius. There lye thy Bones, dear *Mutius*, with thy Friends,
'Till we with Trophies do adorn thy Tomb.

Marcus. No man shed tears for Noble *Mutius*,
He lives in Fame that dy'd in Virtues cause.

Martius. *Mutius* is bury'd and our griefs are eas'd:

Quintus. The Emperour and his haughty Bride return.

Enter the Emperour, Tamora, Chiron, Demetrius, and Aron,
at one door. Bassianus, Lavinia at the other, Sons with At-
tendants.

Emp. So *Bassianus*!

You that so lately play'd the Gladiator —
Give you Joy Sir of your Gallant Bride.

Bass. The like to *Saturnine* and his, I say no more

Not

Nor wish no less.

Emp. Traytor, if *Rome* have Law, or we have Power,
Thou and thy Faction shall repent this Rape.

Bassi. Rape call you it to seize my own, ye Gods !
My true betrothed Love, and now my Wife :
But let the Laws of *Rome* determine all,
Mean while am I possesst of what is mine.

Emp. You are, but look to answer the Affront.

Bassi. Answer I must and shall do with my life,
Only thus much I wish thee understand ;
By all the Duties that I owe to *Rome*,
This Noble Gentleman, Lord *Titus* here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the Rescue of *Lavinia*
With his own hand did slay his youngest Son,
In Zeal to you and highly mov'd to wrath,
To be controul'd in that he frankly gave :
Receive him then to favour, Emperour,
That hath in all his deeds exprest himself
A Father and a Friend to thee and *Rome*.

Tamora. If *Tamora* be gracious in your eyes
Then hear me speak indifferently for all ;
And at my request pardon what is past.

Emp. Be dishonour'd openly —
And basely put it up without Revenge !

Tamora. Not so my Lord, the Gods of *Rome* defend,
I shou'd be Author to dishonour you ;
But on my Honour dare I undertake,
For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all ;
Whose Fury not dissembl'd speaks his Grief :
Then at my Sute look friendly on his Age,
Lose not so Noble a Friend on vain suppose,
See those gray hairs, behold the good old man ;
Trust me my Lord he's innocent.

Bassi. Subtle Empress ! insinuating Goth !

Moor. Harken to this Counsel with attention,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents,
You are but newly stept into your Throne,
Lest then the People and *Patricians* too
Upon a Just survey take *Titus* part,
(You know he has a plausible pretence,
He kill'd his Son, by him the Traytor sell)
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
Which *Rome* reputes to be a heinous Crime.

Bassia. What says the Moor ?

Moor. I say young Lord, *Titus* is innocent.

Tamora. Innocent, where he shou'd play the Villain: [aside.
Yield at Intreaties, and let me alone,
I'll watch a day that's fitted for Revenge,
And race their Faction and their Family.
The Cruell Father and his Trayterous Sons
To whom I once su'd for my dear Sons Life.
I'll make 'em know what 'tis to let a Queen
Kneel in the streets to beg for grace in Vain.
Look there my Lord, behold the good *Andronicus* !
Take up the dear Old-man and cheer his Heart
That sinks in Tempest of your angry frown.

Bassia. Feign'd as I Live !
Abstract of Woman and of Devil.

Emp. Rise, *Titus*, Rise, my Empress has prevail'd.

Titus. I thank you Sir, Most heartily I do,
These words, these looks infuse new Life in me.

Tamora. *Titus*, I am incorporate in *Rome*,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the Emperour for his good.
This day all Quarrells dye, *Andronicus*.
And let it be my honour, good my Lord,
That I have reconcil'd your Friends and you.
For you Prince *Bassianus* I have pass'd
My word and promise to the Emperour,
That you will be more mild and temperate :
And fear not Lords, and you *Lavinia*,
By my advice all humbled on your Knees,
You shall ask pardon of the Emperour.

Bassia. Kneel, Kneel, Learn to dissemble all,
You have a Woman for your Instructor.

Martius. We Kneel, and vow to Heaven and the Emperour,
That what we did was most sincerely meant,
Tending our Sisters Honour and our owu.

Quintus. That, that was all the ill we meant.

Marcus. Here on my Honour I protest
They had no other Aim.

Bassia. See the good Tribune *Marcus* too
Has taken the Scent, and Bows amongst the crow'd.

Emp. *Marcus*, for thy sake and thy Brothers too,
I do remit their fault,
Stand up *Lavinia*, thou shalt be my guest,
With all thy Friends, *Bassianus* not excepted,

If *Rome's* great Court can Entertain two Brides,
But first impart a Smile to *Bassianus*,
His looks are still contracted.

Come *Tamora*, this is a day of Triumph,
All Pleasures of the *Bani* shall delight thee,
Where every Sense is exquisitely touch'd,
Pleasures that not the World affords,
And yet is only known to Roman Lords.

[*Emp. Tam. &c. Exeunt.*]

Aron Alone.

Aron. Now climeth *Tamora* *Olimpus* top,
Safe out of Fortunes shot, and sits on high, [aloft.
Secure of Thunder-crack, or Lightning-flash,
Advanced above pale Envy's threatening reach.
Upon her Wit doth Earthly honour wait,
And Virtue stoops and trembles at her frown,
Then *Aron*, Arm thy heart and fit thy thoughts
To mount aloft with thy Imperial Mistress.
And rise her pitch; whom thou in Triumph long,
Hast Prisoner held, fetter'd in Amorous chains,
And faster bound to *Aron's* Charming Eyes
Then is *Prometheus* ty'd to *Caucasus*.
Hence abject thoughts that I am black and foul,
And all the Taunts of Whites that call me Fiend,
I still am Lovely in an Empress Eyes,
Lifted on high in Power, I'll hang above
Like a black threatening Cloud o'er all their heads
That dare look up to me with Envious Eyes.
Hollo, what Storm is this?

Enter Chiron, Demetrius, braving one another.

Demet. *Chiron*, thy years want Wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners to intrude where I am grac'd.

Chiron. *Demetrius*, thou presumest still in all,
And so in this to bear me off with Braves,
'Tis not the difference of a year or two,
Can render me less acceptable, or thee
More fortunate, I am as fit as thou
To serve and to deserve a Mistress's favour,
And that my Sword shall instantly Maintain,
And plead my Passion for *Lavinia*.

Demet.

Demet. Are you so desperate grown ?

Chiron. Thou shalt perceive how much I dare.

Demet. Boy——

Chiron. Coward——*Demet.* Do.——*Chi.* More then thou darest.

Demet. Because I am thy Elder.

Chiron. Because you want Courage.

Dem. No, cause thou want'st wit.

Chi. I could tear my flesh.

Dem. And I Laugh at thy Madness.

Chi. No more, no more——

Dem. Then thus——

[Offers to draw.

Aron. What mean you Princes ?

So near the Emperours Pallace dare you draw ?

And maintain such a Quarrell openly,

I have heard all the ground of this Debate ;

I would not for all *Tagus* golden shore

The cause were known to them it most concerns,

Nor wou'd the Empress for much more then that,

Be so dishonour'd in the Court of *Rome*.

For shame put up.

Demet. Not I, 'till that tongue lye breathless in his mouth
That utter'd those reproachfull words.

Chiron. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolv'd.
Dead-hearted man that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Moor. Now by the Gods that Warlike *Goths* adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.

What, think you not how dangerous it is,

To make Invasion on a Princes right ?

What, is *Lavinia* then become so loose ?

Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,

That for her Love such Quarrells may be broacht,

Without controlment, Justice, or Revenge ?

Princes beware, for should the Empress know

This discords ground, the Musick would not please.

Chiron. I care not I, knew she and all the World,
I Love *Lavinia* more then all the World.

Demet. Hereafter Learn to make some other choice,
Lavinia is thy Elder Brothers hope.

Aron. Why are you Mad, or know you not in *Rome*
How furious and impatient they be,

And cannot brook Competitors in Love ?

I tell you Lords, you do but plot your Deaths

By this device.

Chiron.

Chiron. A thousand Deaths wou'd I propose
To gain her whom I Love—

Aron. To gain her, how?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange!
She is a woman, therefore may be courted,
She is a woman, therefore may be won,
She is *Lavinia* therefore must be Lov'd.

Chiron. What tho' *Bassianus* be the Emperours Brother,
Must she therefore be proof 'gainst powerfull Love?

Aron. Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste,
Then this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus* Bride.

Chi. But yet I'll not despair—

Aron. How stand your Eager appetites affected?
Wou'd each have her all, all to himself,
And not allow the other to breakfast with him?

Dem. So I were Satisfy'd.—

Chi. And my desires obtain'd.

Aron. You intend her then but for a running-Banquet,
A snatch or so, to feed like men that go a hunting.

Dem. We can hope no more while *Bassianus* lives.

Aron. Whilst he Lives you cannot hope that—

Chiron. Wou'd he were dead then.

Aron. Wou'd any of you had courage to see it done.

Dem. I have—

Chir. And I—

Aron. Why arm you then your hands 'gainst one another?

Chi. I vow his death—

Dem. And so do I.

Aron. Ay, now the work is likely to go forward;
Be friends and joyn to compass the Main End.
'Tis policy and Stratagem must do,
That which you cannot as you wou'd obtain,
You must per-force accomplish as you may.

Dem. But when he's dead we are not sure she'll yield—

Chir. At least not to us both.

Aron. How poorly Skill'd in matters of this Nature;
Ravish her and make no more ado on't.
I'll give you a sudden hint both how and where
This matter may be brought about.
The Emperour at his *Bani* holds his Court,
The Gardens Round, are Large, Miles in Diameter,
Many close walks there are, and private Groves,
Grottoes, and on the more Remoter parts
Dark Caves and Vaults, where water crusted Lyes

In Ice, all the hot season of the year
 As Christallin ; And firm as when
 'Twas taken from the Winters frost ; and Snow
 As white and Crisp as when at first it fell
 From the cold Regions of the air.
 There where these things are thus preserv'd,
 To cool the hot Pallets of thirsty Romans,
 Quench you the boyling feavors of your bloods,
 And Bath your Limbs in fair *Lavinia's* Snow,
 'Till all your Lust like that does melt away,
 When to the Sun Expos'd.

Chir. How fair a prospect do you give my hopes ?

Dem. Methinks in every walk I see
 Some Lovely Roman Lady wandring now ;
 And now the fair *Lavinia* I behold,
 Led by *Bassianus* to some distant place
 Of close Retirement that none may hear
 Their Amorous talk, a place fitted for Rape,
 And every sin that Privacy Exacts.

Aron. This way or not at all stand you in hope ;
 Come, now our Empress with her Sacred wit
 To Vengeance Consecrate,
 Will we acquaint with all that we intend,
 And she shall file our Engines with advice,
 That will not Suffer you to Err—
 The Emperours Court is like the house of Fame,
 The Pallace full of Tongues, of Eyes and Ears,
 The Groves are gloomie, deaf and silent—
 There speak and strike shaded from humane Eye,
 And ransack fair *Lavinia's* treasury.

Chi. Brave Moor !

Demet. Excellent Moor.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Aron, alone, with Money.

Aron. **H**E that had Wit wou'd think that I had none,
 To Bury so much Gold beneath a tree,
 And never after to Inherit it,
 Let him that thinks of me so abjectly,

Know

Know that this Gold must Coin a Stratagem,
Which cunningly Effected will beget,
A very Excellent piece of Villany.

Lye there Sweet Gold, thou poys'ner of Virtue,
Thou powerfull destroyer of all good,
And glittering Seed of Mischief: —
When e're thou dost appear to Eyes again,
Sprout up a plentiful harvest of Ills,
With Blood thou shalt be water'd, Humane blood
Shall fatten the Soil, and men shall reap the crop
In Penitence and Sorrow.

{ Aron Digs a
hole in the
Earth with
his Sword, &
buries the bag
of Money.

Enter Tamora.

Tamora. The Emperour with Wine and Luxury o're come
Is fallen asleep— in's pendant-couch he's Laid,
That hangs in yonder Grotto rock'd by Winds,
Which rais'd by Art do give it gentle motion,
And Troops of Slaves stand round with Fans perfum'd
Made of the feathers pluck'd from Indian Birds,
And cool him into golden Slumbers—

This time I chose to come to thee my Moor.
My Lovely *Aron* wherefore Look'st thou Sad,
When every thing doth show a joyfull boast?
The Birds make Harmony on every Bush,
The Snakes lye roul'd, Basking in the chearfull Sun,
The Green Leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And cast a checkor'd Shadow on the ground.

The Flowers beneath do shed their fragrancies,
And thro' the Air diffuse their subtle sweets—
Under this Shade, my *Aron*, let's sit down,
In full possession of all these delights.

The murmur of the Winds, and melody
Of Birds that round us sing upon the boughs,
Shall charm our thoughts to sweet repose,
As Infants by their Nurses Songs are laid to sleep.

Aron. Madam, tho' *Venus* Govern your desires,
Saturne is Dominator over mine:

What signifies my deadly standing Eye?
My Silence, and my cloudy Melancholly,
My fleece of Woolly-Hair that now uncurls,
Even as an Adder when she doth unrowle
To do some fatal Execution?

No, Madam, these are no Venereal Signs.
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,

Blood and Revenge are brooding in my Skull:
 Hark *Tamora*, the Empress of my Soul,
 Which never hopes more Heaven then rests in thee.
 This is the day of Doom for *Bassianus*,
 His *Philomell* must lose her tongue to day,
 Thy Sons make pillage of her Chastity,
 And wash their hands in *Bassianus* blood.
 Seest thou this Letter? Take it, give't th'Emperour.
 This other fatal plotted scrowl
 Shall draw two more of *Tiūs* Sons to ruine.
 I see thy cheeks glee with desire of knowledge:
 But ask no Questions.

Tam. I'll only ask one Kiss,
 To leave a relish till we meet again.

Aron. We are observ'd — the prey is come into our Nets,
 Senseless their Lives destruction is so nigh.

Enter Bassianus, Lavinia.

Tamora. Ah my Lov'd Moor, dearer to me then Life.

Aron. No more, great Empress, *Bassianus* starts
 To see our fondness. I'll leave you here;
 If he take notice of 't, foment a Quarrell,
 I'll go and fetch your Sons to end it with him.

Bassi. Ha! *Rome's* Royall Empress
 Unfurnisht of Attendants and her Guard!

Tam. Unmannerly Intruder as thou art.

Bassi. *Lavinia* did she not Kiss the Moor?

Lav. Ay my Lord

Bassi. Hell — Kiss a Moor.

Believe me Madam, your Swarthy *Cymerion*
 Has made your Honour of his bodies hue,
 Black, Loathsome, and Detested.

Tam. Sawcy controuler of my private steps.

Bassi. Why are you singl'd forth from all your Train,
 And here retir'd to an obscure place —
 Accompany'd but with a Barbarous Moor,
 Unless to try Experiments?

Tam. I have patience to endure all this.

Bassi. By Heavens I saw you in Eclipse,
 The bright Imperial Sun of *Rome's* Ecclips'd
 With a black Cloud, ne're to shine forth again.

Tam. Envious, unmannerly *Bassianus*!

Lav. Come, my Lord, she is angry, let us leave her

To

To enjoy her Raven-colour'd Love.

Bassi. Yes — Like a frightened Crow he takes a flight round,
And anon will light upon the same Tree.

Tam. Oh Insufferable !

Bassi. Ay intollerable ! The Emperour shall know —

Enter Demetrius, Chiron.

Demet. What change is this we in the Empress see ?

Chiron. Why Royal Madam, do you look so pale ?

Tam. Have I not reason think you to look pale ?

These two by talk have won me to this place

This silent secret and retir'd place.

And when they'd shew'd me this dark gloomy Vault

Which strikes the Eyes with terror to behold

And does amaze the wondring Looker In,

They told me, here at dead time of night,

A thousand Fiends, a thousand hissing Snakes,

With cries of restless Spirits and groans of Ghosts

Would make such fearful and confused noises,

That any Mortal Creature list'ning to't,

Would streight fall Mad or else dye suddenly.

No sooner had they told this Hellish Tale,

But that they said they'd throw me bound into't :

Roule me far under ground ; and leave me there .

To dye a miserable Death.

Lav. Heavens !

Bassi. Hear this ye Roman Gods.

Tam. My Sons, they call'd me foul Adultrous,

Lascivious *Goth*, and all the vilest terms

That ever Ear did hear to such effect.

And had you not by wonderous fortune come,

This Vengeance on me had they Executed.

Revenge it as you love your Mothers Life,

Or never be ye henceforth call'd my Sons.

Demet. This is a Witness that I am thy Son. [*Stabs Bassianus*]

Chiron. And this from me, struck home to shew how much
I Love the Honour of that Name.

Bassia. *Lavinia* — oh ! — — —

[*again.*]
[*Bassia. Dies.*

Lavin. I come —

[*Lavinia Catches up*

Demet. Stay, we have other business with you yet.

Drag hence her Husbands body to that Cave,

As *Aron* did direct and Tople it — headlong in.

Now farther off let's bear this trembling Maid,

{ *his Sword &*
offers to kill
her self, is pre-
[*vented by D.*

To some close Grotto, or hollow, under ground,
 More fitted for delight and pleasure,—
 There we will rifle all her sweets.

Chiron. Come *Lavinia*—

*Chir. throws the
 Body into the
 Vault, Tam. the
 whilst holds Lav.*

Demet. Lay by this Modesty, and dye thy Cheeks with red,
 They look too pale— Warm them with hot desires,
 And let 'em glee with Lust and appetite.

Lavin. Enpress.—

Chir. Nay, be not shy to go, you will but put us
 To the pleasure to grasp your tender Limbs,
 And bear you in our Arms to Covert.

Lavin. Oh *Tamora* thou bear'st a Womans face,

Tam. I will not hear her speak.

Lavin. Princes entreat her, hear me but a word.

Dem. Give her a hearing, let it be your Glory
 To see her Tears, but be your heart to them,
 As unrelenting Flints to drops of Rain.

Lavin. When did the *Tygers* young ones teach the damn?
 O do not learn her wrath, she taught it thee,
 The Milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to Marble,
 Even at that Breast thou hadst thy Tyranny,
 Yet every Mother breeds not Sons alike,
 Do thou Entreat her then to shew a Woman pity.

Chir. Would'st thou have me degenerate?

Lavin. 'Tis true, the *Raven* does not hatch a *Lark*,
 And yet some say, they foster forlorn Children,
 The whilst their own Birds famish in their Nests.
 O be to me, tho' thy hard heart say no,
 Nothing so kind, but something Mercifull.

Tam. Mercy! I know not what it means.

Lavin. O let me teach thee for my Fathers sake,
 That did preserve thy life in th' midst of War;
 Be not obdurate, open thy deaf Ears.

Tam. Had'st thou in person ne're offended me,
 Even for his sake, am I Merciless.

Remember Sons I pour'd forth tears in vain
 To save your Brother from their Rage;
 But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent;
 And we were but preserv'd alive in War,
 To make his mighty boast at *Rome*.

Therefore away, and use her as you will.

Lavin. O *Tamora* preserve me from their Lusts,
 Kill me, throw me into yon dreadful Vault,
 Where my dead Lord does now lye bath'd in Gore.

Do this and be a Charitable Murderers.—

Tam. So should I rob my Sons of more then half
Their pleasure of Revenge.—

Chir. She that did brand your Name with Infamy,
Shan't with her boasted Roman Honour fall.

Tam. Take her hence.—

Lav. No Grace ! No Shame ! No Pitty ! O Barbarous creature,
The blot and Enemy to our general Name.
Confusion fall.—

Demet. Nay, if you rail, we'll stop your Mouth,
And bear you farther off. [*Exeunt Dem. Chi. Dragging Lav.*]

Tam. Ne're rest my Soul nor know one hour of joy
'Till all the *Adronicie* be made away.
Now will I hence and seek my Lovely Moor,
To know what farther mischiefs are in store. [*Exit.*]

Enter Quintus and Martius.

Mart. Now *Quintus* are we near the place you nam'd ?
What is that pleasant Secret you would tell,
Made you so earnest with me to come hither ?

Quin. 'Twill please thee *Martius* when 'tis known, read that.
[*Gives a Letter.* *Martius Reads.*]

Quintus as soon as this comes to your hands, find out your Brother *Martius*, Bring him with you into the Banii Gardens, and attend a while at the Momb of the Vault which is called the Serpents-Den, where once the mighty Snake was found : Your Expectations shall be rewarded with the Company of two Ladies, Young, and in our own opinions not unbandsome, whose sight shall not displease you ; Love gives the Invitation, and we believe you both Gallant Enough to know how to use it, and to conceal our favours.—

Quin. Now *Martius* do you blame the haste I made ?
My Earnest pressing of you hither.—

Mart. No Lucky *Quintus*,— I am all on fire
To see these Nymphs, these kind and Loving ones.

Quin. O Love ! How I do long to taste thy Banquet !
And revel with the fair Inviters.

Martius. Be Quick-sighted as the Hungry Hawk,
That's watching for a Morning-Prey.—
Let nothing like a Goddess scape thine Eye.

Quint. My sight is very dull what e're it Bodes.

Mart. This is the Entrance to the Vault.

Quintus.

Quintus. Martius! What drops of new-fled blood are these!
As fresh as morning Dew distill'd on flowers.

Mart. I am surpriz'd with more then common fear,
A Chilling-Sweat runs o're my trembling joynts.

Quint. Here is a tract of Blood.

Mart. Look down into't—

My Heart suspects more then my Eyes do see. } Looks down into

Quintus. Thou hast a true Divinity Heart.

[the Vault.

Mart. What dost thou see?—

Quint. A Sight will make that Heart of thine Lament.—

A Dismal fight of Bloud and Death.

Mart. O tell me who it is, for ne're 'till now
Was I a Child, to fear I know not what.

Quint. Prince *Bassianus* Pale and Bloody lies,
All on a heap in this dark Loathsome Hole.

Mart. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Quint. Upon his Bloudy finger he does wear

A Sparkling Ring that casts a lustre round,

Which like a Tapor in some Monument,

Doth shine upon the Deadmans Earthly-Cheeks,

And shews the ragged intrails of this Vault.

Look down your self and see the Horrors there.

Mart. My Compassionate heart will scarce permit

My Eyes once to behold the thing, for which

So much 'tis griev'd:—

[Looks down.

What horrid fight that flaming Ring Betrays?

So Pale did shine the Moon on *Piramus,*

When he by Night lay bath'd in Maiden Bloud,

O *Quintus* help me with thy fainting hand,

If fear hath made thee faint as me it hath,

And let's depart, to tell the afflicting news

Of *Bassianus* Death.

Enter Emperour, Aron, Attendants.

Emp. Said you not *Aron* my Empress walk'd this way?

Aron. See Sir, with hasty steps she follows you,

Love brings her Swift along, as if from far

She towards her center mov'd.

Mart. O Royal Sir—

Quin. O Emperour—

Emp. Who are these?

Mart. Two unhappy Sons of old *Andronicus*,

Brought hither in a most unlucky hour

To

To find the noble *Bassianus* dead.

Emp. The sound is hatefull, false—beware, 'twill blast
The Evill Teller.

Mart. Too just a witness of so sad a truth.
Within the hollow of that Vault you'll find.

Emp. I see, I see *Bassianus* Murder'd Lyes.
Oh wherefore serve the Gods—tamely to sit
In their Ethereal Thrones, and see such deeds
Acted on Earth, and not throw sudden Vengeance down
Upon the wicked Authors heads.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, Lucius.

Tam. Where is the Emperour ?

Emp. Here *Tamora*, but Kil'd with fatall sights.

Tam. Where is the Noble Prince *Bassianus* ?

Emp. Now to the bottom dost thou search the wound.
Bassianus here lyes Murther'd.

Tam. Then all too Late we bring this fatall writing,
The great Contrivance of his timeles death. *gives the Emp.*
And wonder Strangely that mans face can fold *a Paper.*
In pleasing smiles such wondrous Tyranny.

The Emperour Reads.

“ Follow the Prince, at distance to the Vault,
“ We have contriv'd a plot to bring him there,
“ If our hands miss or falter in the deed,
“ Let thine finish the work which ours begun.
“ Thou know'st our meaning, look for thy reward.
“ Beneath the Pine that grows so near the place
“ Where we decreed to bury *Bassianus*.
“ Hid in the Earth thou'lt find a Sum of Gold,
“ Take it and free thy self from Slavery.

Emp. Oh *Tamora* ! was Ever heard the like?
This is the Vault and yonder is the tree ;
Look round and see if any Slave be near.
See what thy sons trayn'd up in blood have done, *[to Titus.*
Destroy'd a Prince to me more dear then Empire,
These are the Sons of good *Andronicus*.
Drag them to prison, let them there remain,
'Till their punishment invented be ;
Torments that yet are to the world unknown,
Strange and unheard of as the deed that's done.

Titus. Great Emperour upon my feeble Knee,
I beg this grace with tears, not lightly shed,
That if this fault of my accursed Sons,
Accurs'd indeed, if e're the fault be prov'd—

Emp. If it be prov'd, you see it is apparent,
Who found this Letter Empress, was it you?

Tam. *Andronicus* himself did take it up.

Titus. I did my Lord, yet let me be their pledge,
For by my Fathers reverend Tomb I vow,
They shall be ready at your great Command
To answer this Suspicion with their Lives.

Emp. Thou shalt not free them, *Titus.*

Aron. Here is the gold which lightly with my Sword
I have dug up.

Emp. A Summ not worth one hair of *Bassianus*!
Throw't into *Tybur*, let it Rowl to *Tagus*,
From whence 'twas fetch'd, and turn that Sea to blood
Of which it was the price; and all it's sand
Henceforth that colour hold, as if it Blush'd
For all the ills 'thas caus'd to men.

Tam. Accursed Gold.

Emp. The Princes body bear to funeral Pomp.
Those wretches into dungeons throw,

Marti. }
Quint. } Emperor.

Emp. Let 'em not speak a word, their guilt is plain,
Were there worse End then Death, 't should be their doom.

Tam. *Andronicus* I will appease the Emperor,
Fear not, 'le bear thy Sons above his rage.

Lucius. Do't and Eternal blessings Crown the Empress.

Titus. Come *Lucius* come, stay not to talk with them,
The Distance 'twixt a womans tongue and heart
Is more then man can travell in a day.

Lead me—

Blinded with tears I cannot see my way.

[*Exeunt.*

Aron. Ha, ha, ha, Poor easy loving fools,
How is their Amorous Expectation cross'd,
Death wayted for their coming here, not Love,
Woman's a sure bait to draw to ruine.

How Easily men are to confusion hurl'd,

'Tis gold and women that undo the world.

[*Aron Exit.*

*Enter Chiron, Demetrius, Lavinia her hands Cut-off, and her
tongue cut out, Loose hair, and Garments disorder'd, as ravish'd.*

Demet. So now go tell and if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that Cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.

Chir. Write down thy mind, betray the secret so,

And

And if thy stumps will let thee, play the Scribe.

Demet. She hath no tongue to tell, nor hands to write,
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chir. I'll tell the sorrowfull Story for her ;
I'll tell it to the Empress if she will.

Demet. And I to th' Moor if that will do her good,
Farewell, we have now reveng'd our Brothers blood.

[*Demet. Chi. Exit.*

Enter Marcus.

Marcus. With heat o'recome, upon a flow'ry Bank
I laid me down to be refresh'd with Air ;
Sleep seal'd my eyes and bound my senses fast :

But oh what troubles labour'd in my mind !

I dreamt that Snakes and Adders o're me crawl'd,

And twin'd their speckl'd bodies round my limbs,

Bit me with venom'd teeth, Stung me ; at length

Fasten'd their forked Stings just in my heart.

Ha ! is not that *Lavinia* turn'd away ?

Why shun you me *Lavinia*, where's your Bridegroom ?

If I dream still, would all my wealth wou'd wake me,

If I do wake some Planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in Eternall sleep.

Dearest *Lavinia*, speak, what Barbarous hands

Have from so fair a Tree lopt two such Branches ?

And who hath thus torn down thy precious hair

And rifl'd thee ? Why do'st not speak to me ?

Alas ! A Crimson River of warm blood,

Like to a bubling Fountain stir'd with wind,

Does rise and fall between thy rosey Lips,

Coming and going with thy balmy breath :

But sure some *Terens* hath deflour'd thee,

And lest thou should'st detect him cut out thy tongue ?

Ah now thou turn'st away thy face for shame—

Oh had the Monster heard the Heavenly Harmony

Which that sweet charming Instrument nas made,

He would have dropt his Knife and fell asleep,

As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* Poets feet.

Come let us go and make thy Father blind,

For such a sight will blind a Fathers eyes :

If one hours Storm will drown the flow'ry Meads,

What will whole Months of Tears thy Fathers checks ?

Do not draw back, for we will grieve with thee,

Oh could our Grief but ease thy Misery.

{ *He sees La.*
She turns
away and
hangs down
her head.

{ *Lav. turns*
away from
him again.

[*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter the Fasces; Marcus and Quintus Guarded, as going to Execution.
Then the Judges and Senators: Titus going before Pleading,
and Stopping them in their Way.*

Titus. **H**ear me grave fathers, worthy Tribunes stay.
For Pity of my Age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous Wars, whilst you securely slept.
For all my Bloud in *Romes* great quarrel shed;
For all the Frosty Nights that I have watch'd,
And for these brackish tears which now you see,
Filling the Aged wrinkles in my Cheeks,
Be Mercifull to my Condemned Sons,
Whose Souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.
For two and twenty Sons I never wept,
Because they dy'd in Honours shining Bed.
For these, Tribunes, in the dust I write,
My Hearts deep languor, and my Souls sad tears.
Let my tears stanch the Earths dry appetite:
Their Innocent Blouds will make't asham'd and blush.
O Earth! I will befriend thee more with rain
That shall distill from these two Ancient ruines,
Than Youthfull *April* shall with all its showrs.
In Summers drought I'll drop upon thee still,
In Winter with warm tears I'll melt the Snow,
And keep Eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou'lt refuse to drink my dear Sons Bloud.

*Titus lies down
upon the ground
the Judges pass
by him.*

Enter Lucius.

Oh Reverend Tribunes, Oh gentle Aged men
Unbind my Sons, reverse the doom of Death,
And let me say (that never wept before)
My Tears are now prevailing Orators.

Lucius. O Noble Father you Lament in vain,
The Tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your Sorrows to a stone.

Titus. Ah *Lucius*, for thy Brothers let me plead,
Grave Tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

LUCIUS.

Lucius. Dear Aged Father, no Tribune hears you speak.

Titus. Why 'tis no matter man, if they did hear
They would not mind me, or if they did mind,
They would not pity me, yet Plead I must,
And all in vain to them.—

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
Who tho' they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort are better than the Tribunes,
Because they do not intercept my tale:
When I do Weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my Tears, and seem to weep with me.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy Weapon drawn?

Lucius. I try'd to rescue my Brothers from death,
For which attempt the Judges have pronounc't
My Everlasting doom of Banishment.

Titus. O happy man, they have befriended thee:
Why foolish *Lucius* do'st thou not perceive,
That *Rome* is but a Wilderness of Tygers?
Tygers must prey, and *Rome* affords no Prey
But me and mine; how happy art thou then,
From these Devourers to be Banished.
But who comes with our Brother *Marcus* here?

Enter Marcus with Lavinia Veil'd.

Marcus. *Titus*, prepare thy Aged eyes to weep,
Or if not so, thy Noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine Age.

Titus. Will it consume me? let me feel it then.

Marcus. This was thy Daughter.

§ *Marcus pulls off*
2 *her Veil.*

Titus. Why, *Marcus*, so she is.

Lucius. Ye Gods, this object kills me.

Titus. Faint-hearted Boy, turn here and look upon her,
Speak *Lavinia*, what accursed hand,
Hath made thee handleless in thy Fathers sight?
What fool hath added water to the Sea?
Or brought a Faggot to bright burning *Troy*?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now like *Nilus* it disdaineth bounds.
Give me a Sword, I'll chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for *Rome*, and all in vain.

Lucius. Speak dearest Sister, who has Martyr'd thee?

Marcus. Oh that delightfull Engine of her thoughts,
That told them with such pleasing Eloquence,

Is now torn rudely from that hollow Cage,
Where like a sweet Mellodious Bird it sung,
Sweet varied Notes, Inchanting every ear.

Lucius. O! say thou for her, who hath done this deed,

Marcus, O! thus I found her in the *Bani* Gardens
Seeking to hide her self as doth the Deer,
That hath receiv'd a wound incurable.

Titus. Then wounded her, better he had kill'd me,
For now I stand as one upon a Rock,
Invirion'd with a Wilderness of Sea,
Who marks the swelling Tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious Surge,
Will in his brinish Bowells swallow him.

This way to Death my wretched sons are gone,
Here stands my other Son a Banish'd man,
And here my Brother weeping at my griefs :
But that which gives my soul the greatest blow,
Is dear *Lavinia*, dearer then my Soul.

Had I but seen thy Picture in this Posture,
It wou'd have turn'd me mad ; what shall I do
Now I behold thy Living substance so ?

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
No tongue to tell me who hath Martyr'd thee :
Thy Husband he is dead, and for his Death

Thy Brothers are Condemn'd, and dead by this.

Look *Marcus*, Ah Son *Lucius* look on her,
When I did name her Brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks as doth the morning dew,
Upon a gather'd Lilly almost withered.

*Lav. makes signs
of sorrow lifting
up her eyes & then
hanging down her
head & moving her stumps*

Marcus. Perchance she weeps, because they kill'd her Husband,
Perchance because she knows them Innocent.

Titus. No, no, they wou'd not do so foul a deed,
Witness the sorrow that their Sister makes,

Dear, poor *Lavinia* let me kiss thy Lips,
Or make some sign how I may give thee ease.

Shall thy good Uncle and thy Brother *Lucius*,
And thou and I sit round about some Fountain,

Looking all downwards to behold our Cheeks
How they are stain'd like Meadows yet not dry,
With miery-slime left on them by a Floud ?

And in the Fountain shall we gaze so long,
'Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And brackish made as Brine with our salt tears ?

Or shall we cut away our Hands like thine ?

Or tear our Tongues out by the Roots, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hatefull days ?

What shall we do ? Let us that have our Tongues,
Plot some device of further Misery,
To make us wonder'd at in times to come.

Lu. Cease, Noble Sr, your tears, for at your grief
See how my wretched Sister mourns and weeps. } *Lav. turns up her eyes & then hangs down her head as weeping.*

Marcus. Patience *Lavinia* ; *Titus* dry thine eyes. } *Mar. gives Tit.*

Titus. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus* well do I perceive } *his handkercher.*
Thy Handkercher can't drink a tear of mine ;
For thou poor man hast drown'd it with thine own.

Lucius. Ah my *Lavinia* I will wipe thy cheeks. } *Lav. shakes her*

Tit. Look, *Marcus*, look, I understand her signs, } *head & points at Mar. hand-*
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her Brother, which I said to thee. } *kercher as refu-*

His Handkercher with his own tears all wet } *sing to have her*
Can do no service on her sorrowfull cheeks. } *eyes wip'd.*

Oh what a Sympathy of woe is this.

Enter Aron the Moor.

Aron. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour
Sends thee this word, that if you think your Sons
Are Innocent, in Proof of that belief,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy self good *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the Scaffold, he for the Piety
Will send thee hither both thy Sons,
And that shall ransom them from Punishment.

Titus. Oh Gracious Emperour, for this good news,
Let me kneel to thee my dear black Angell.
Did ever Raven sing so like a Lark,
That gives sweet tydings of the Suns uprise ?
With all my heart, I'll send the Emperour my hand.

Lucius. Stay Father, for that Warlike hand of thine,
That hath o'rethrown so many Enemies
Shall not be sent ; my hand will serve the turn,
My Youth can better spare my blood then you,
And therefore mine shall save my Brothers Lives.

Marcus. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And wear'd aloft the bloody Battle-axe ?
O none of both but are of high desert :
My hand hath been but Idle, let that serve
To Ransome my two Nephews from their death,

Then

Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Marcus. By Heavens it shall not go—

Titus. Strive you no more, such wither'd herbs as these
Are fit for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Lucius. Dear Sir, if *Lucius* shall be thought your Son,
Let me redeem my Brothers both from death.

Marcus. And for our Fathers Love and Mothers care,
Now let me shew a Brothers love to thee.

Aron. Agree your strife,
For fear they dye before their Pardon comes.
The Empress stays the Axe, who begg'd this Grace.

Titus. For this good deed—
Ne're may she beg the mighty Gods in vain.

Aron. There stands an Executioner with his Axe.

Titus. No, *Lucius*, Fetch the Sword I use in War.
That's only fit for such a Noble deed.

The hand of one of you it shall Lop off,
But whose at your return I will determine.

Take hence *Lavinia* with you.

[*Exit Lucius.*

Marcus. Let it be mine, of five and twenty Sons
This one is only left. O leave him then Entire.

Titus. That reason has o'recome me : follow him,
Haste *Marcus*, see him bring the Sword to me,
Lest he should strike the blow e're he return,
And so deprive thee of thy Piety.—

[*Exit Marcus.*

Now I am free, but this is no fit place.

Come hither Executioner,

I will deceive them both.—

§ *Titus and Executioner*
} *Exeunt aside.*

Aron. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never whilst I live deceive men so.

But yet in'th'End I will deceive you all.

Thy Sons, thy Daughter, and her Husband too,

Have been deceiv'd by me, and now thy self

Poor Aged man shalt be deceiv'd and cozen'd.

When once the mind is to destruction bent,

How easy 'tis new Mischiefs to invent.

Enter Lucius and Marcus, with the Sword.

Lucius. Where is my Father ?

Marcus. Where is my Brother *Titus* ?

Aron. He is hereabouts.

O there I see him coming,

I knew he was not far off.

Enter

Enter Titus, with his hand off.

Lucius. See *Marcus*, See,—the deed is done.
My Father hath deceiv'd us.—

Marcus. 'Tis the first time he ever did.

Lucius. You was too blame to trust him.

Marcus. So I was, but you'd have done the same.

Lucius. I think I should.—

Titus. Good Moor, give to his Majesty this hand.
Tell him it warded his Father

From thousand dangers, bid him bury it :

More hath it merited, that let it have.

As for my Sons, say I account of them,

As jewels purchas'd at an easy price,

And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aron. I go *Andronicus*, and for thy hand,
Look suddenly to have thy Sons with thee.

Good Old man, how, much the sight will please thee? [*Exit Aron.*

Ti. Oh ! here I lift this one hand up to heaven, *Tit. Kneels, Ma.*

And bow this feeble ruine to the Earth,

If any Power pities wretched tears,

To that I call ; what will you kneel with me ? *Luc. Kneels and*

Do then my Loving Son and my dear Brother, *hold him by each*

For Heaven shall hear our prayers, or else our breaths

Shall thicken all the Air like a deep mist,

And stain the Sun with Fog, as sometimes Clouds

When they do hug him in their reaking bosoms.

Marcus. O *Titus* ! speak with possibility,

And do not break into these deep extreams.

Lucius. Let reason Govern, Sir, your Sorrows.

Titus. If there were reason for these Miseries,

Then within Limits could I Binde my passions.

When Heaven does weep, doth not the Earth o'reflow ?

If the Winds rage doth not the Sea grow mad ?

Threatning the Heavens with its furrow'd brow.

Wilt thou have reason then, weak humane reason,

When Winds from every point of th' compass blow,

Keep my mind smooth and calm. Heaven guides the Sea,

Yet that rebels, swells, and throws billows upward.

Lu. Dear Sir, Go in, and try with sleep to moderate your grief.

Titus. No ! I'll go in and weep by my *Larina*.

Marcus. Good Brother do, go in, but try to sleep.

We'll Leade you to the door, and then go meet,

Your Sons, e're this returning from the Scaffold.

Titus. *Lucius* wilt thou go too ?

Lucius. That I may see my Brotherse're I part.
I'm Banish'd Sir, and have not long to stay.
I'll help to bring 'em to your aged Arms—
And then of all that's Good or dear in *Rome*
I'll take my Leave at once.

Titus. Do then— And tell 'em if my other hand
Will do them good, I will send them that too. [*Exeunt M. & L.*]

*Enter Junius, with an Arrow in's hand, running from Lavinia, and
she pursuing him. Titus Turns back.*

Junius. Help Grandfather, help, my Aunt *Lavinia*
Follows me every where, I know not why.
Look Look— dear Aunt, I know not what you mean.

Titus. Stand by me *Junius*, do not fear thy Aunt,
She Loves thee Boy too well to do thee harm.

Jun. I when my Father is at home she does.

Titus. See *Junius*, see how much she makes of thee,
What means *Lavinia* by these signs?—
Can'st thou not guess, wherefore she follows thee ?

Jun. Indeed I know not, I,
Unless some fit of frenzy does possess her :
For I have heard my Uncle *Marcus* say,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad.
That made me fear, tho' I know my Aunt Loves me,
Loves me as dear as e're my Mother did,
And would not but in Madness fright my Youth,
Which made me fly from her.

Titus. She Kisses thee in signe she means no harm :
See now she beckons thee,—
Some whither she would have thee go with her.

Junius. Ay when my Father comes—or my Uncle
To go with us—I'll wait on my Aunt.—
Indeed dear Aunt I will.

Titus. Stay 'till his Father comes, *Lucius* is not yet gone far :
But presently he goes to Banishment.

Junius. How far is that Grandfather ?

Titus. A Long Journey—

Junius. And must I go with him or stay with you ?

Titus. I am going yet a Longer Journey Child.

Junius. But whither Grandfather *Titus.*

Titus. From whence I came—

Junius. What to the Wars again, if my Father goes
I'll have a Sword and go with you too.

Titus.

Titus. No I am going to rest.

Junius. Oh to Bed.

Titus. To my Grave—to dye—

Junius. Ah! but you shan't dye yet Grandfather,
I Love you.

Titus. Poor Innocent! how he beguils my thoughts.

Bent strongly to invent a way how thou

Lavinia might'st disclose thy Injuries.

And to our knowledge give the Nature,

And the Actors of thy Wrongs.

By the disorder of thy dress, I fear

Thou wert i'th' Salvage hands of Ravishers, { *Lav. turns her head*

Turn not thy face away to hide thy Blushes, { *aside from Titus.*

Speak thou by signs, for here is none but I,

And Little *Junius* knows not what it means. { *Jun. pudies in the*

What Roman Lord was it durst do the deed? { *Sand with the arrow*

Or play'd not *Saturnine* the *Tarquin* with thee? { *not minding their*

Junius. Look here Grandfather— { *Discourse.*

Titus. Interrupt me not.— Good Boy.

Jun. Do but tell me Grandfather, have I writ
your name right—

Titus. *Titus Andronicus!*

[*Reads*

Writ with his Arrow on the dust. O Boy!

Thou hast Inspir'd me, Lend me thy Reed,

Kneel down *Lavinia*, *Junius* stand thou by me;

Observe, Observe *Lavinia* what I'm doing,

Rape is the word that I have written there;

Without the help of this one hand that's left

If that was not one cause for which thou mourn'st, { *Ti. holdsthe end*

Then here put forth thy foot and blot it out:

That sigh and mournfull Look tells me it was.

Beneath it write the wicked Authors Names,

Decypher in the Sand as I have done,

Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain.

{ *of the arrow in his*
mouth & guides
it with his wrists
and writes on the
ground.

{ *she writs in the*
same manner
as above.

Titus. *Chiron! Demetrius.* [*Ti. Reads*

They, O ye Gods!

But lest my dimm and aged eyes deceive me,

Read thou good *Junius* what is written there.

Jun. Rape,— *Chiron*— *Demetrius.*

[*Jun. reads*

Titus. 'Tis so, Revenge, Revenge ye Gods! Revenge
Upon the Lustfull Sons of *Tamora*.

Enter Marcus, Lucius, Messenger after them bearing in the two heads of Titus Sons, and his hand.

Marcus. Unhappy Titus! Unhappy Marcus!

Luc. Unhappy Lucius!

Titus. Why are ye thus return'd, sadly Exclayming,
With Ringing hands and Eyes lift up to heaven?
Have yet the Gods more miseries in store?

Marcus. Worthy *Andronicus* ill art thou repay'd,
For that good hand thou sent'st the Emperour
Here are the heads of thy two noble Sons.
And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back,
Thy Grief's their sport, thy resolution mockt.

Tit. Now let Hot *Aena* cool in *Cycillia*,
And be my heart an Ever-Burning Hell!
These Miseries are more then may be born,
To weep with them that weep, some ease doth give,
But sorrow flowted at is double death.

Luc. O that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested Life not Shrink away. } *Lucius Kisses*
That ever death should let life bear his name, } *one head.*
Where life hath no more Interest but to breath.

Marcus. Alas! that kiss is vain and comfortless,
As frozen water to a Starved snake.

Ti. When will this fearfull slumber have an End?

Mar. Now farewell flattery, dye *Andronicus*,
Thou dost not slumber, see thy two Sons heads,
Thy Warlike hand, thy mangl'd Daughter here,
Thy other Banish'd Son with this sad sight
Strook pale and bloodless, and I thy Brother
E'en like a Marble Image, cold and Num.
Ah now no more will I controul my griefs,
Tear off thy silver hair, thy other hand,
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismall sight
The closing up of our most wretched Eyes:
Now is a time to rage, why art thou still?

Titus. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Titus. Why I have not another tear to shed,
Nor have the Gods a mischief now in store.
Besides I have news, Joyfull news for all,
I know the Authors of *Lavinia's* wrongs.
And hug my self with thoughts of dear revenge.
Taught by the practice of young *Junius* there:
See what *Lavinia* in the dust has writ.

Lucius

Lucius. What ; could she write, when she has ne're a hand?

Jun. Oh father I can tell you how.

She took this Arrow, held it in her mouth,
And with her handle's Aims did guide it thus.

Marcus. Rape— *Chiron, Demetrius.*

[reads.

They —

Lucius. Accursed *Goths.*

Marcus. But who Kill'd *Bassianus*? that who can tell?

Lucius. She points again to those two Names. [*Lavinia turns*

Titus. The same, the same, ye Everlasting Gods! } *hastily and*
Revenge, Revenge — I cry aloud Revenge. } *points to the*

Marcus. Be calm *Andronicus* ; and yet I know } *Names on*
There is enough written upon this Earth } *the ground.*

To stir a Mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And raise Loud Clamours from the tongues of Infants.

Titus. Whil'st this remains thus Legible, I'll get
A Leaf of Brass, and with a Pen of Steel,
Copy these words in lasting Characters,
And lay it by : the angry Northern wind
Will blow these Sands like *Sibels* Leaves abroad,
And where's the Fatal Legend then?

Lucius. I have them written on my Heart.

Marcus. And I.

Junius. I have them too by heart.

Marcus. But wilt thou not forget them?

Junius. Never I warrant you Uncle.

Marcus. Wilt thou revenge 'em too?

Junius. I, when I am a man.

But even now I'll do what I can.

Marcus. That's a good Boy.

My Lord, Kneel down with me, *Lavinia* kneel,
And kneel sweet Youth, the *Roman Hector's* Hope,
And swear with me, with the same awfull fear,
The Father of that Chaste dishonour'd Dame,
Lord *Junius Brutus* swore for *Lucrece* Rape,
That we will prosecute

Revenge upon the Trayterous *Goths*, or Dye.

Titus. *Marcus* is rouz'd, let's haste to Action now ;
For these two Heads do seem to speak to me,
And bid, that words shou'd not delay our Deeds.
Ye heavy Friends, then Circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you ;
And swear unto my soul as *Marcus* did.

Revenge shall wipe away our Injuries

Or Death shall hide us from the world's reproach.

Marcus.

Lucius.

Junius.

} It shall.

Titus. The Vow is made, come Brother take a Head,
And in this hand the other will bear :

And *Junius* too, share in this Ceremony,
Bring thou that hand—and help thy helpless Aunt.

Lucius for thee, go get thee from my sight.

Thou art an Exile, and thou must not stay,

Make haste my Son, thou hast far to go,

Embrace and part, for we have much to do.

Lucius. Farewell *Andronicus* my Noble Father,
Man most distress'd, that ever liv'd in *Rome*.

Marcus farewell the best of Tribunes here.

Farewell *Lavinia* too, my helpless Sister,

Tho' wrong'd and wretched still to me as dear :

And *Junius* too my Little Boy, farewell.

Thy Fathers hope, and only Joy that's left——

To all thy Friends and weeping Parents here.

And *Rome* farewell, 'till *Lucius* comes again,

He loves his Pledges dearer than his Life.

From thee and these I turn my eyes away,

'Tis Killing grief to go, and Death to stay.

[*Exit.*

{ *Lu. Embraces*
them all as they
go out.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter a Woman and her Husband a Goth, the Man having a
Black-a more-Child in his Arms.*

Woman. NOW give me the Child, wait you without.

I see Company coming, be gone, the Moor must not
see you.

[*Exit Man.*

Enter Chiron, Demetrius.

O Princes, you are undone, disgrac't :

And *Rome* will shortly cast you forth with Scorn.

Dem. Woman, wherefore dost thou exclaim?

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thy Arms?

Wom. O that which I would hide from Heavens Eye,
Our Empress Shame, this Black and loathsome Child,
Of this in Secret she was deliver'd

After your Royall Father dy'd.— The Moor,—

Chi. The very Image of that Fiend.

Demet. Couple with a Moor ! How cam'st thou by the Child ?

Or

Or by what means did you the secret Learn ?

Wom. O Sir he loves this black Imp above the World,
And when we were brought Captives unto *Rome*,
Order'd the Nurse, where privately 'twas kept,
To bring it after him :

She distemper'd with the Journey, Sicken'd,
And dy'd this Morning : With her latest breath
She call'd me to her ; told me the Secret,
And bid me bear the Child to the *Moor*,
Who would reward me well ; but lest it shou'd
Grow up to ruine you and the Empreſs,
And all the *Goths* Expose to *Roman* fury,
In Loyalty I bring it to you—
As both of you think fit to be dispos'd.

Enter Aron.

Here comes the Hell-bred Villain !
The father of this black and dismall Issue.
Moor do'st thou know this brat ?

Aron. Yes, Princes be kind to't, 'tis of kin to you.

Chi. Accursed Off-spring !

Dem. It shall not Live.

Aron. It shall not ; Princes, for the love I bear
to you and to the Empreſs, it shall not.

Dem. Give it me, my sword shall dispatch it,

Aron. Let no hand but mine do Execution
On my flesh and blood.—Now it shall not dye. } *Aron takes the*
Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowells up ; } *Child from the*
Say Murderous Villains, will you kill your brother ? } *Woman.*

Now by the burning tapers of the Skye
That shone so brightly when this Boy was got,
He dyes upon my Cymiters sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir :
I tell you younglings, not *Enceladus*
With all his threatening band of *Typhons* brood.
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of War
Shall Seize this Prey out of his Fathers hands.

Dem. Would you toth' Empreſs shame preserve a thing
So foul and black ?

Aron. What, what ye sanguine hollow-hearted Boy,
Ye gawdy blossoms, checquer'd white and red,
See, here is a gloss that will not fully
Like your water-colour'd complexions,
Which Chance does fade and Sickneſs washes out.
I say that black is better then another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue.
 For all the water in the Ocean
 Can never turn the Swans black legs to white,
 Although she lave them hourly in the floud.
 Princes in spight of you this shall live.

Chir. Wilt thou betray thy Mistrefs?

Aron. My Mistrefs is my Mistrefs, this my self,
 The Vigour and the Picture of my Youth.
 This before all the world I do prefer,
 This maugre all the world will I keep safe,
 Or some of you shall feel my vengeance.

Demet. I blush to think upon this Ignominy.

Aron. Why there's the Privilege your beauty bears,
 Fie trecherous colour that betrays with blushing
 The close Enacts and Councells of the Heart:
 Here's a Young Lad fram'd of another Leer,
 Look how the Black Slave smiles upon the Father,
 As who would say, Old Dad I am thine own.
 He is your Brother Lords, your Brother by the surer side,
 Altho' my Seal be Stamped on his face.

Chir. By this the Empress will be Sham'd, Ruin'd,
 Scorn'd in Rome, and dye by the Emperours rage.

Dem. Consider *Aron* what is best to do,
 Save thou the Childe so we may all be safe.

Aron. Why so Young Lords; when we joyn in League,
 I am a Lamb, but if you Brave the Moor,
 The Chafed Bore, the Mountain Lyoness,
 The Ocean swells not so as *Aron* Storms.

Now sit we down, and let us all consult, *§ All sit down upon the*
 My Son and I will have the winde of you, *§ ground, and the Moor at*
 Keep there, now talk at leisure of your safety. *[a distance with*

Dem. *Aron*, none knows the Secret but this woman. *[his Sword*

Aron. How came she by that knowledge? *[between.*

Dem. The Nurse this Morning dying, to her care
 did give the Child, told her the secret of its birth
 And bid her bring't to you.

Aron. Come hither Woman, art thou a Goth?

Wom. Yes.

Aron. Have you to none beside divulg'd the matter?

Wom. To no one.

Aron. Thou wilt keep it secret still, wilt thou?

Wom. To my dying day.

Aron. And so thou shalt't.

Chir. What mean'st thou *Aron*? wherefore did'st thou this?

Aron.

Aron. I have Seal'd her Lips.

Demet. She would have Nurs'd it for thee.

Aron. I'll trust no more tatling Nurses.

They must be prating, even when they are dying.

Henceforth, I'll trust 'em with the Child, but not the Secret.

Chiron. Now I've Consider'd on't 'twas wisely done.

Aron. Now to dispose this treasure in my Arms,

Come on you thick-lip'd Slave, I'll bear you hence,

I'll make you feed on Berries and on Roots,

And Cabin in a Cave, and bring you up § *Exit Aron with the*

To be a Warrior and command a Camp. § *Child.*

Dem. Let's draw the body aside to that dark passage.

Choir. This was the only sure way to Lay a Woman's tongue.

§ *Chi. Dem. dragging off*
§ *the Woman. Exeunt.*

Enter Man.

Man. Where is my Wife, what makes her stay,
The Moor pass'd by me with the Child in's Arms?

Ha! they have Murder'd her,

They are dragging her aside.

This the reward? I'll after *Aron* and be reveng'd!

Swift as the raging wind I'll follow thee.

Enter Emperor, Empress, Tribunes; *the Emperor with*
Arrows in his hands, with scrowls of Paper fix'd to 'em.

Emp. Tribunes, what wrongs are these? Was ever known,
An Emperor in *Rome* thus us'd?

Publicly exclaim'd against, call'd Tyrant!

If *Titus* or his Sons have suffer'd wrong,

Was it the Law or Emperor did that wrong?

Nothing has pass'd but what was done by Law

Against the Sons of Old *Andronicus*.

Yet here he writes to Heaven for his redress;

See here's to *Jove*, and this to *Mercury*,

This to *Apollo*, this to the God of War.

Fine Scrowls to fly about the Streets of *Rome*;

What's this but Libelling against the Senate?

As who would say, in *Rome* no Justice were:

But his feign'd Extasies shall not shelter him,

Both he and his shall know, that Justice lives

In *Saturninus* Reign.

Tamora. My gracious Emperor, my *Saturnin*,

Lord of my Life, Commander of my Thoughts.

Calm thee, and bear the faults of *Titus* Age,

The effects of sorrow for his Valiant Sons;

Rather pittie the poor Aged man,
 Then be offended at these Injuries :
Titus offends you not, his Frenzy may,
 And these *Plebeans*, these good honest men,
 Will henceforth not blame you, but *Titus* Madness.

Enter Senators with Papers, which they give the Emperour—
Chiron, Demetrius.

Emp. See here, Libels against me in whole bundles,
 Directed to each Senator in *Rome*.
 Those on the points of Arrows were disperst,
 These sent to every Tribunes habitation,
 To incite Mutiny, and raise Rebellion.

Shall I endure all this? —
 Go drag him round the City with wild Horses,
 Nor Age nor Madnes shall protect him now.

Tam. You Noble Tribunes, *Romes* worthy Patrons,
 I know your Love and pity for *Andronicus*,
 He's a good man, and worthy your affections;
 No man has serv'd his Country more then he,
 Nor no man more oblig'd his Emperour;
 Then doubt not he wants friends to intercede,
 His merits plead much more then you can speak.
 Go then and comfort him in his distress,
 Except the Guilt of *Bassianus* death,
 No Crime had reach'd the Lives of his two Sons.
 In secret for their deaths my Lord does grieve,
 Wishing they had been Innocent of the fact.
 I see you burn with Zeal to do him Service,
 But now the Emperour highly is incens'd,
 And this is no fit time for intercession;
 Leave me to pleade his cause, I'll watch the hour
 That properst is to move in his behalf;
 His coolest hours when Love has calld his thoughts;
 Go then, appease the mind of good Old *Titus*.
 With Sage advice recall his wandring sense,
 And nothing then shall be too dear for him
 To ask, or *Romes* great Emperour to Grant.

All. Long live our gracious Emperess. [*Trib. & Ple. Exeunt.*]

Emperess. See Emperour what flattery can do,
 What secret Charms there are in well-tun'd words?
 Unbend your brow then and dismiss your frown,
 What need of anger whilst this art prevails?
 Force oftner then a dissimulation fails.

Enter Chiron, Demetrius.

Demet.

Dem. Arm arm, my Lord, *Rome* never had more cause,
Plebeans to a numerous head are grown,
 And Tribunes won by *Marcus* Elocution,
 Joyn in Rebellion with the Multitude.

Emp. Who is the head, the Leader of this faction?

Chir. *Marcus* is yet the busy man.

Tam. That Talker!

Dem. The old Legions too by *Titus* late brought home,
 Without the City make their Randevouze;
 Within the People cry Revenge aloud,
 Revenge for the wrong'd *Titus* and his slaughter'd Sons.
 To them the Army Ecchoes with Loud shouts,
 Long live *Lucius* Emperour of *Rome*:

Emp. Ay, now begins the mischief to approach,
 He is the darling of the Souldiers,
 Him they did hope should be *Romes* Emperour,
 When by the Senate, to *Andronicus*
 Was given the Power to Nominate.

Tam. Still be your thoughts Imperious like your Name.
 Is the Sun dimn'd 'cause Gnats do fly in it;
 The Eagle suffers little Birds to sing,
 And is not carefull what they mean thereby,
 Knowing that with the Shadow of his Wings
 He can at pleasure stint their Harmony.

Em. But who the harsh Musick of the Souldiers tongues,
 Shall stop, that cry aloud, Revenge? or who
 The Murmures of the giddy men of *Rome*?
 Still *Marcus* to the people does declaim,
 And *Lucius* to the Legions tells his wrongs.
 Who shall their Voices still?

Tam. That will I.

Titus. Justice, Revenge, Revenge!

[*Titus without.*]

Emp. Hear this!

Is this Musick or discord to your Ear?

Chir. It is the Voice of frantick Old *Titus*.

Deme. He presses to your Royal presence.

Titus. Let me come, give a Roman Liberty.

Tam. Oppose him not.

Enter Titus.

Titus. Justice ye Gods, Justice and Revenge.
Junius, help me to find them. Search narrowly my Boy.

Emp. What looks the Mad man for?

Titus. I look for Justice, but she is not here.
 I have Search'd all *Rome* but cannot finde her.
 Oh! now I think on't, Justice is fled from Earth,

She's gone, She's flown ; fetch me a Net,

I will go sound the Ocean for her,

I'll drag the Sea, perchance I may find her there.

Yet there's, as little Justice as on Land.

No, fetch me my Tools, I'll dig with Mattock and with Spade,

And pierce the utmost Center of the Earth,

And when I come to *Pluto's* dark Region,

I will deliver him this Petition,

[a Paper.

And tell him, 'tis for Justice that I come,

That I am Old *Andronicus*—

Shaken with Sorrows in ungratefull *Rome*.

Ah *Rome*, 'twas I that made thee miserable,

When I threw the Peoples Suffrages

On him that thus does Tyrannize o're me.

Well ! now I'll be gone, I must be carefull,

I must not leave one Vessell unsearch'd,

This wicked Emperour may have Ship'd her hence,

And then we may go Pipe for Justice.

Emp. See, all the dread of the Eagles presence
Cannot now awe to silence, that one poor single Grasshopper.

Tam. These are the Effects of Age and Madness,
The effects of Sorrow for his Valiant Sons!

Titus. Where am I now ! am I not in Hell already ?
Is not that Grim *Pluto* there ; that *Proserpine*
His Queen ?

Emp. Stop his Mouth, take him away, and hang him.

Tamora. Forbear,— Emperour leave me to deal with him.

Titus. *Pluto*, you do me wrong with these delays,
Since you will not send Justice unto me,
I'll dive into the Burning-Lake below,
And pull her out of *Acaron* by the heels.

Emp. What with this Mad man will you do ?

Tam. I will Enchant the good *Andronicus*,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Then Baits to Fish, or Honey-stalks to Sheep,
When as the one is Wounded with the Bait,
The other rotted with delicious food.

Emp. Can you lay *Marcus* Tongue, and *Lucius* too in Silence ?

Tam. I'll smoothe the Fathers aged Cheeks with golden promises,
And he shall draw 'em both to his own house,
To treat of Friendship, and tell their grievances,
Whilst they are busied here in Long debate,
Friends we'll imploy to appease the Multitude,
And pacify the Angry Souldiers.

Em. Stay then, and be successfull in thy Art,

Titus.

Titus. I was deceiv'd, Justice is not in Hell neither, } *Ti. with*
 'Twas not she I saw Swimming o're the black Lake, } *bundles of*
 But a poor *Solm-Goose*,——— } *Paper.*

I catch'd her by the wing, and knew her by her cackling.

I'll look no more for her; now I'll go find Revenge,

Confer with her of Murder and of Death.

There's not a Hollow-Cave, or Lurking-place,

No vast obscurity, or Misty-Vale;

Where Bloody Murder, or detested Rape,

Can couch for fear, but I will find 'em out.

Tell 'em my sorrowfull Name and Injuries.

Tam. Now I will tamper him with all the Art I have.

See *Titus*, I am come to talk with thee.

Titus. No, not a word, how can I grace my talk?

Wanting a hand to give it action.

Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. Appease ye Gods the troubles of his Spirit,

If *Titus* knew me, *Titus* would talk to me.

Ti. Why who art thou? Thou art not Revenge;

And yet I know thou art some direfull Fiend.

Thou hast *Medusa's* head, *Megea's* looks,

Ay, ay, thou art a Fiend, but not my dear Revenge,

Art thou, say?

Tam. I'll close with him to fit his Lunacy,

What e're I forge to feed his frantick fits,

Do you uphold and in discourse maintain.

Titus. Were't thou Revenge, how I could hug thee?

Tam. I am Revenge to all that have offended you,

And I am come to joyn with you,

To work confusion on your Enemies.

Titus. Yes, yes, now I perceive thou art Revenge,

Senseless I was that knew thee not before,

Loe by thy side where Rape and Murder stands.

But throughly to convince me that thou art Revenge,

Stab them, or tear them on thy Charriot-wheels,

And then I'll mount, and be thy Waggoner,

And whirl along with thee about the Globes,

Or if thou wilt, I'll by thy Waggon-wheel,

Trot like a servile Footman all day long,

Even from *Epeons* rising in the East,

Untill his very downfall in the Sea.

And day by day I'll do this heavy task,

So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there,

Tam. These are my Ministers, and come with me

To aid, and be assistant in thy cause.
 But right you nam'd them, Murder and Rape they are call'd
 'Cause they take Vengeance on such kind of men.

Titus. Wellcome dread Fury to my wither'd Arms,
 Rapine and Murder, you are wellcome too.
 Now what shall us do? —

Tam. What would'st thou have us to do *Andronicus*?

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of *Rome*,
 And when thou find'st a man that's like thy self,
 Good Murder Stab him, he's a Murderer.
 Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
 To finde another that is like to thee,
 Good Rapine Stab him, he's a Ravisher.
 Go thou with them, and in the Emperours Court,
 There is a Queen Attended by a Moor,
 Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
 For all about she does resemble thee,
 I prethee bring them to untimely Ends,
 They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Thou hast given us good directions, this shall we do.
 But if 'twill please thee, good *Andronicus*,
 To draw his Brother *Marcus* from his Friends,
 And send for *Lucius* his most Valiant Son,
 Who now heads the Old Legions thou brought'st home,
 Before the Walls defying the power of *Rome*;
 If these, with their chief friends of either party
 To a great Entertainment at thy house,
 Thou wilt invite to Feast and Banquet with thee.
 There *Saturnine*, his Empress and her Sons,
 Shall be thy guests too, if after Parlee there,
 His doom of Banishment is not revok'd,
 And all thy numerous injuries redress'd;
 Then at thy Mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
 And on them shalt thou ease thy angry Heart.
 What says *Andronicus* to this proposal?

Titus. But is not this a Plot for my other hand,
 And to betray their Lives? —

Tam. Six of our Noblest Romans shall attend you,
 Whose Lives shall warrant thee safety and return
 Of them, and all their Friends.

Titus. Prepare your Hostages, I'll do't.

Tam. Make but appear the Injuries, which thou
 In Papers 'bout the streets of *Rome* disperst,
 And then produce the wicked Authors of 'em.

Justice shall be severely Executed,
And all thy grievances redress'd.—

Titus. Say no more the Old man will do't ;
In token that I will, I leave with you
My pretty *Junius* here 'till my return,
Here's all the little treasure of my Life that's left.

Tam. He shall be my Care.

Dem. Mine.

Chiron. And mine.

Tam. And all our care.

§ *Tam. Dem. Chiron*

§ *Exeunt.*

Titus. Now my little Lad, remember thy Lesson :
And wherefore I brought thee hither:

Jun. I do Grandfather.

Titus. Remember thy wrong'd Aunt *Lavinia*.

Jun. Yes, and my Banish'd Father, and my two dead Uncles,
And you Grandfather, that have but one hand. [Weeps]

Titus. That's my good Boy,
Forbear thy tears, his Passion makes me weep.

Jun. You and my Uncle *Marcus* made me Swear,
And do you think Grandfather I will be forsworn?

Titus. *Junius*, no, thou com'st of two Good a Kinde.
I know thou'lt prove a Chick of th' Game.
But do it cunningly.

Jun. I warrant you Grandfather.

Enter Demetrius, Chiron.

Demet. The Empress by us sends *Titus* word,
The Pledges shall meet you at the *Flaminia-Gate*
Where *Marcus* keeps free passage
For *Lucius* Entrance into *Rome*.
She nothing more requires but your speed.

Titus. Tell her that the poor Old man is going,
Fast as the burdens of his grief and Age
Will let him creep along.—Farewell *Junius*. [Exit Titus]

Jun. Adien Grandfather *Titus*.

Demet. *Chiron*, this is a sign of *Titus* Madnes
To leave the Chicken to be kept by th' Kite.

Chiron. She'l hover o're a while, but at the last
With a deadly swoop, she'l bear it away.

Dem. This little Serpent ne're shall grow to sting. [Jun. whilst
What is the Childe doing there? [they talk, puts out handfuls of Gold
Is all that Gold, he strows about the floore? [Ch. lays on the ground.

Chi. Gold. All Roman Coyn.

§ *Chi. takes some of it up*

Jun. O I have enough of this.

§ *to look on.*

Dem. Enough! Thou hast a treasure about thee.

Jun.

Jun. O but I can shew you a huge deal more.

Chi. Can'st thou, where?

Jun. In my Grandfathers Garden.

Demet. Ha!

Jun. There is a hugeous deep hole,
Thus broad, and thus long I warrant you;
And that's full up to the very top truly.

Dem. And who laid it there good boy?

Jun. I don't know, I believe my Uncle *Marcus*
And my Grandfather, for they us'd always
To be walking thereabouts, and sometimes
Wou'd tell me it was a Rich spot of ground.

Chi. How can'st thou to find it?

Jun. This morning shooting my Arrow up on high,
It fell down and stuck deep in the ground,
Plucking it out, it pull'd up a piece of Turf,
And so I saw it.

Chi. All yellow like this?

Jun. Yes all yellow.

Dem. Ask no more Questions. Hearn you *Chiron*,
Let you and I in Old *Titus* absence,
Deprive him of all this great Mass of Wealth.
What shou'd old men do with't,
That are past the pleasure of spending it?

Chir. Thou say'st right.

Besides we shall do the State good service,
Such a Treasure in Private hands is dangerous.

Dem. They are Rebels already; 'tis with this
They win the Peoples and the Soldiers hearts.

Chir. Come, we'll remove it to our own Coffers.
Let's entice young *Junius* to shew it us.

Dem. He'll after make discovery who took it.

Chir. We'll contrive his death to look like accident,
Pull some great Stone from off a high Wall,
Lay't by him bloody, as if it fell by chance,
And knock'd out his Brains. — How like you the Project?

Dem. Well. — But shall applaud it better when 'tis done.

Chi. Let us about it now, come pretty *Junius*,
Thou shalt walk with us in thy Grandfathers Gardens,
We'll shew you other fine things there;
Finer then these, which he conceals from thee.

Jun. Are there any Swords?

Chi. Yes.

Jun. And Shields and Arrows,

Demet.

Dem. O fine ones, they are hid just by the Gold.

Jun. We'll go look 'em then, — but I'll have 'em all.

Dem. Ay thou shalt have 'em.

Chi. Thou shalt have them *Junius*.

Jun. Come then, O brave!

[*Dem. Chi. Jun. Exeunt.*

Enter Lucius and Captains.

Lucius. Approved Warriors and my faithfull Friends,
I lead you into *Rome* at *Marcus* call,

To joyn in Councell with him, 'tis believ'd.

He sent me word the Emperour is hated,

And how desirous the People are

To see us within their Gates; be therefore

Loud in complaints, impatient of wrongs,

And wherein we have receiv'd Injuries,

Let *Rome* make treble satisfaction.

Capt. Brave Youth, sprung from the great *Andronicus*,

Whose great Exploits and Honourable deeds,

Ingratefull *Rome* requites with foul contempt,

Be bold in us, we'll follow where thou lead'st,

Like stinging Bees in Hottest Summers day,

Led by their Master to the flowred fields,

And be Reveng'd on cursed *Tamora*.

Luci. I thank you friends. — Here *Marcus* comes.

Enter Marcus.

Mar. *Lucius*, I send for you to let you know

Your Father does invite us to his House,

And with us too the Noblest of your Friends:

This day a mighty Banquet is Prepar'd,

The Emperour and Empress are his Guests:

This as we Love him and regard

His Aged Life, *Andronicus* commands.

Lucius. Him I'll Obey without Enquiry:

And at his call thro' thousand dangers go,

Where e're I leade, these I am sure will follow.

Capt. Whilst Life does last, and Swords can make our way.

Marcus. Let's go, —

Faint hearts dispute, but Noble minds obey.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Demetrius, Chiron, Junius, in Titus Garden.

Demet. Now *Junius*, which is the place?

Jun. A little further. —

[*Walking forward.*

Chiron. Now shall that Wealth be our Easy purchase,

For which *Titus* sweat drops of Blood in War,

Jun. The place is cover'd close since I was here.

Lend me your Sword, my Lord, to peirce the ground,

And with the point find where the Gold does Lie.

Demet. Take mine.

[*Dem. gives Jun. his naked Sword.*

Chi. Wherefore dost thou pause.

Jun. Why should this wound the Earth that's innocent ?

'Twere better run it in the Hearts of Villains,
Of Murderers and Ravishers.

Dem. What means the Child ?

Jun. Thieves, Thieves !

Enter Titus and Servants.

Chir. We are betray'd.

Titus. There, Seize them, bind their hands, stop their Mouths.

Dem. Villains forbear, we are the Empress Sons.

Titus. Princes, and come to Rob an Old mans Orchard ?

So : binde them fast, Oh my Little dear decoy,
Handsomly thou hast brought these Wild fowl to my Nets.

Enter Lavinia.

Come, come *Lavinia*, look, thy foes are bound.
Stop close their Mouths, let 'em not speak to me ;
But let them hear what fearfull words I utter.
Oh Villains ! *Chiron* and *Demetrius* !

Here stands the Spring whom you have stain'd with Mud ;
This goodly Summer with your Winter mix'd.

You kill'd her Husband, and for that vile fault,
Two of her Brothers were Condemn'd to death,
My hand Cut-off, and Subject made of Mirth.

Both her sweet Hands, her Tongue, and that more dear
Then Hands or Tongue, her spotless Chastity,
Inhumane Traytors, you constrain'd and forc'd.

Hark Villains, how I mean to Martyr you :

This one hand yet is left to Cut your Throats,
Whilst that *Lavinia* 'twixt her Stumps does hold
The Bason that receives your Guilty Blood.

Then shall your flesh be torn off with hot Pincers,
And your bones scrap'd 'till you are Skellitons.

For worse then *Philomel* you us'd my Daughter,
And worse then *Progne* I will be reveng'd.

Your Flesh shall be Cook'd for the Empress Pallate,
And your Blood mixt with all the Wine that's drunk.

Come bring them in, be every one officious,
To make this Banquet, which I wish may prove
More stern and Bloody then the *Centaur's* Feast.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Marcus, Lucius, Captains and Romans.

Mar. Wellcome worthy Romans.

Lucius. Wellcome, Valiant Friends.

Mar. All wellcome to the house of Old *Andronicus*.

A house of Woe and Sorrow, for nothing

But

But grief and Sad despair inhabit here.
And yet at sight of you the good Old man,
The Injur'd *Titus* will Even weep for Joy.

Enter Titus.

Lucius. See where he comes, but why dear aged Father
Dost thou appear thus like an Executioner?
Why is this Bloody Weapon in thy hand?
And why are these gray-hairs sprinkl'd with blood?

Titus. 'Tis done, the bloody Act is done.
I have taken Vengeance on the Ravishers,
Chiron, Demetrius.—But I want the Moor,
The Moor, that dismall Fiend of darkness,
Those others, *Junius* and I entrap'd.—

Enter Goth and Souldiers, with the Moor Bound.

Goth. Bring in the Villain.

Titus. Ha the *Moor*!

Now would I clap my hands for Joy,
Were I not prevented by his Cruelty,
Which rob'd me of one.

Goth. Renowned *Roman*! Now Revenge that loss,
Revenge thy wrongs and mine.

Ti. Say *Goth*, for by thy habit *Goth* thou art,
Why hast thou done me this good turn?

Goth. I am a Soldier, and love not to speak but to the purpose.
Short then will be my speech and blunt.

Lucius. Say on.

Goth. Behold this *Moor* the Sire of this squob toad.
For this he and *Tamora* club'd together,
The Queen of *Goths* Tup'd by a Goat.

Tit. Ha! ha! ha!

Goth. The Nurse that only knew this secret deed—
This morning dy'd, but with her parting breath
Declar'd the secret to my Wife her friend.
And bid her bear this issue to the *Moor*—
Who wou'd reward her for't—and so he did:
For she no sooner had perform'd the trust,
But he his dagger struck into her heart,
And Bore away the Child in's Arms.—
I was not then far off, and knew it well.
And therefore follow'd him with these my friends.
Seiz'd him in flight, and bring him bound to you.

Marc. Now Empress thy deeds of darkness come to light.

Goth. If not concern'd for *Rome's* dishonour
In a polluted Empress, Lustfull *Tamora*,
At least, incited by your private Wrongs,
Torment the Villain; Add to his pain one more

For murder of my wife.

Tit. O worthy *Goth* be ever lov'd of us.
We will devise the Villains Punishment,
And thou shalt be an Executioner.

Luo. Say wall-Ey'd slave, whither would you convey
This growing Image of thy fiend-like face?
Why do'st not Speak? what, deaf, not a word!

Tit. What? Monster art thou fullen?
But this and More, much more thou shalt confess.
Drag him from hence, within there is a Rack,
Go bind him to't, that shall Extort from him
Each secret that lies hid in his dark soul.

Luc. Behold the Hellish Dog;
See how he Rows his eyes and grins.

Marc. The Trumpets sound, the Emperour is near,
Retire and lay your bloody weapon by.

Tit. I'll fit my self for his reception. [*Tit. Exit*

Luc. Look out and give the word
The Emperour shall hear our Musick too.

Marc. See here he comes-- See how the Tribunes croud above.
Enter Emperor, Tamora, Senators, and others; Marcus, Lucius,
and Captains Range themselves on the other side.

Emp. What, hath the Firmament more Suns then one?

Luc. What dost avail to call thy self a Sun;
That art so muffled in black clouds;
The steams that rise from blood, hang round thee like a fog.

Emp. See Empress I am brav'd already,
Came I to talk with Boys?

Marc. Nephew, cease discourse,
This business must be quietly debated.

Scene draws and discovers a Banquet.

Enter Titus, Junius, Lavinia Veil'd.
This great preparation by the careful *Titus*
Was ordain'd to that Honourable End.

Titus. With their presence let no ne refuse to grace
The poor Table of *Andronicus*.
First, I entre it that favour of the Emperour
Next of his Empress.

Tam. We are beholding to the good *Andronicus*.

Titus. A poor Old man, but a well-meaning heart.
Give me a Bowl fill'd with *Falerian* Wine,
The like to every one-- Health to the Emperour.

Madam, you'll pledge this Health.

Tam. Ay, honest *Titus*.

Titus. Honest if you knew my thoughts.

Emp. Why is that Lady Veil'd?

Titus. My Lord the Emperour, resolve me this.
Was it well done of Old *Virginus*
To slay his Daughter with his own right hand
Because she had been Forc'd, Stain'd and Deflowr'd?

Emp. It was *Andronicus*.

Titus. Your reason, mighty Emperour.

Emp. Because she shou'd not then survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Titus. A Reason weighty, strong and effectual,
A Pattern, President, and lively warrant
For me most wretched to perform the like.

Dye, then, *Lavinia*, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy Fathers sorrow dye. [*Kills Lav.*

Emp. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thy only Daughter thus?

Tit. See there— no hands, no tongue is left, § *Titus pulls off*
Nothing that could explain her Injuries, § *Lavinias Veil.*
I am more wofull then *Virginus* was;
And had a thousand times more cause then he
To do this deed.

Emp. If she was Ravish'd, tell by whom?

Tit. That *Aron* best can tell.

Emp. The Moor!

Tam. Hear him not; he's Mad.

Emp. If it be not Frenzy, make it appear.

Tam. He cannot, 'tis perfect Madnels.

Tit. I'll make both that and more appear.
A Child of darkness too is come to light.
Draw back that Screen.

The Moor discover'd on a Rack

Tam. *Aron* in Torment!

Tit. Empress keep your seat,
What here you see, is now beyond redress.
Moor confess the Ravishers.
No! Stretch him.—

§ *Aron shakes his head*
§ *in sign he will not.*

By whom had'st thou this black brat,
This Babe of darkness?

§ *Aron shakes his*
§ *head again.*

Nor that neither: Disjoynt his Limbs
Say now, did not *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
By thine and this Empress advice,
Wrong my *Lavinia*, and prompted
By you two, Murder *Bassianus*?

Aron. Ha-- ha-- ha--

Emp. Empress, what Crimes are these laid to your charge?
And to your Sons — they Murder *Bassianus*!

Tam. All distraction still; They! Alas! no.

But *Demetrius, Chiron*, for you I fear.

Where are my Sons, if safe they would be here ?

Tit. Reveal then what is yet unseen.—Empress behold,

{ *A Curtain drawn discovers the heads and hands of Dem. and Chir.
hanging up against the wall. Their bodys in Chairs in bloody Linnen.*
Here are their heads, their hands, and mangl'd Trunks.

Tam. O dismall sight !

Tit. But here their hearts and Tongues.

No dish but holds some part of which y'ave fed.

And all the Wine y'ave drunk mixt with their blood.

Tam Inhumane Villain !

Tit. Like the Earth thou hast swallow'd thy own encrease,
Thy self hast Eaten what thy self hast bred ;
Thus crama'd, thou'rt bravely faten'd up for Hell.

And thus to *Pluto* I do serve thee up. [*Titus stabs the Empress.*

Emp. Dye frantick Wretch, for these effects of Madness. [*Emp.*

Luc. Can the sons eye behold the father bleed ? [*stabs Titus.*
Thus quickly I revenge what thou hast done : { *Lucius stabs the
Dye unbelieving Tyrant.* } *Emperour.*

Mar. Romans before you stir hear me a word ; { *The Sena. and
I charge you hear me.* } *Capt. begin to
move from above*

Emill. Speak *Marcus.*

Mar. Let any then forbear to move from's place
'Till we have heard the *Moors* confession.

Though he laughs upon the Wheel and mocks our torments,
Yet I will try another Experiment.

Give me the Hellish infant : *Moor*, now speak { *Marcus holds the
Or the young Kid goes after the Old Goat.* } *Child as if he won'd
Kill it.*

Aron. Save but the Child I'll tell thee wondrous things.
That highly may advantage you to hear.

Tam. *Moor*, speak not a word against my honour
To save the World.

Aron. Yes Empress to save that childe I will.
The blow is given that will send you soon
Both from the shame and Punishment,
But all shall now be bury'd in my death,
Unless you swear to me that child shall Live.

Mar. Tell on thy Mind, thy child shall live.

Aron. Swear that it shall, and then I will begin.

Marc. Whom should we swear by, thou believ'st no God.

Moor. What if I do not ? as indeed I do not,
Yet do I know you are Religious,
And have a thing within you called Conscience,
Therefore I urge your Oath for that I know
An Idiot holds his bauble for a God,
And keeps the Oath which by that god he swears.

Therefore

Therefore I urge an Oath, swear then
To save my Boy, Nourish and bring him up,
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Mar. By our Gods I swear.

Moor. And *Lucius* too, swear thou.

Lucius. I swear as *Marcus* did.

Moor. First know then I begot him on the Empress.

Emp. O Luxurious woman.

Aron. Nay this was but a deed of Charity
To that which you shall hear of me anon.

'Twas her two sons that Murder'd *Bassianus*.

They Cut *Lavinia's* tongue and ravish'd her.

Mar. Barbarous Villains, like thy self.

Aron. Indeed I was their tutor to instruct them,
I train'd thy Nephews to that obscure hole,
I wrote the Letter which was found,
And hid the Gold within the Letter mention'd,
Confederate with the Queen and her two Sons.
I play'd the cheater for Old *Titus* hand.

For this device the Empress gave me twenty Kisses,
Sweet as were those I had in her Embraces,
When we were acting Pleasures, which produc'd
That Little thing where *Moor* and *Goths* combin'd,
And that is it which you have Sworn to save.

Emp. Stop the Villains Mouth, let him speak no more;
No more such words to my dishonour.

Tam. I have now no other Son, and shou'd
Be kind to it in Death, let it approach me then,
That I may leave with it my parting Kiss.—
Dye thou off-spring of that Blab-tongu'd Moor.

*The Child is
brought to the
Empress, she
Stabs it.*

Aron. Accursed Empress!

Tam. Accursed Moor.

May that breath be thy last as this is mine.

[dies.]

Aron. She has out-done me in my own Art—
Out-done me in Murder— Kill'd her own Child.
Give it me— I'll eat it.

Emp. If Spirits Live after our Bodies dye,
May the good Gods at distance far keep mine,
From that damn'd Moors, and Empress too from thine.

[dies.]

Marcus. *Romans*, from what you have seen and heard,
Now Judge what cause had *Titus* to Revenge
These Wrongs unspeakable, past patience,
Have we done ought amiss, shew us wherein?
And from the highest Tower of this great Pile,
The poor remainder of *Andronicæ*
Will hand in hand all headlong cast us down,

And

And on the ragged Stones beat forth our Brains.

Speak *Romans* speak, and if you say we shall,

Lucius and I will thus Embracing fall.

Emil. Worthy *Marcus*, and Valiant *Lucius* Live;
Lucius, Live Emperour of *Rome*.

I know it is the wish of all, then speak aloud.

Omnes. *Lucius*, all hail, *Rome's* Royall Emperour.

Lucius. Thanks Noble *Romans*.

But worthy Friends, pray give me leave a while, § All disappear
from above.

For Nature purs me to a heavy task,

At distance stand, but *Marcus* draw you near,

To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.

O take this warm Kiss on thy pale cold Lips,

These sorrowfull drops upon thy bloud-stayn'd face;

The last true duty of thy pious Son.

Marcus. Tear for Tear, and Loving Kiss,
Thy Brother *Marcus* tenders on thy Lips.

Jun. Ah my poor dear Grandfather—

Father I cannot speak more for tears.—

Enter All below.

Emil. You sad *Andronici*, having done with grief,
Give Sentence on this execrable Wretch.—

That fill'd your House with all this Ruine.

Lucius. It was decreed he should expire in flames,
Around him kindle streight his Funeral Fire.

The Matter is prepar'd, now let it blaze:

He shall be burnt and Rack'd to death. § The Fire flames
about the Moor.

Aron. Wherefore shou'd Rage be mute and Fury dumb.

Ten thousand worse illis then e're I did

Would I perform if I might have my will.

If one good deed in all my Life I did

I now repent it from my very heart,

For proof I do, Ple Curse ye 'till I dye—

Vengeance and bleweit Plagues consume ye all.

Marcus. Snarle on, and like a Curs'd fell dog,
In howlings end thy Life.

[The Scene closes.

Lucius. Now convey the Emp'rour to his Fathers Tomb;

As for that hatefull Tygress *Tamora*,

No Rights nor Funerall Ceremony.

My Noble Father and *Levinia*

Shall be clos'd in our Household Monument,

Romans and Friends, assist ye all a while.

When these sad Ceremonies be perform'd,

Lead me to Empire, Crown me if you please,

But nothing this afflicted heart can ease.

F I N I S.

B. F. L. BINGG
JUL 24 1910

